

NUMBER II



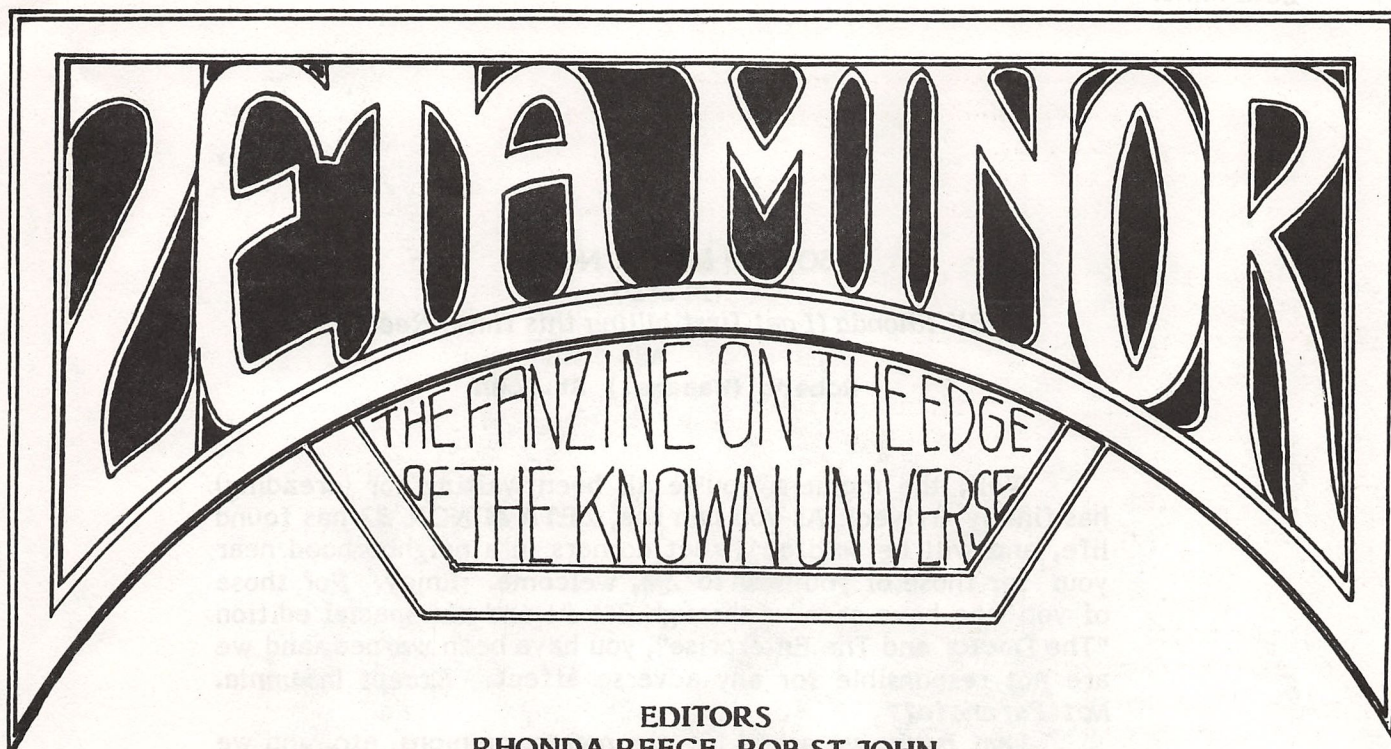
## YOU GOT THIS ZINE BECAUSE. . .

- \_\_\_ You never quite know what you're going to get.
- \_\_\_ You're a contributor (which probably means you're one of the editors).
- \_\_\_ It helps to pay the rent.
- \_\_\_ You bought the last issue, and you just couldn't resist.
- \_\_\_ You didn't buy the last issue, and we threatened your life if you tried to pull that on us again.
- \_\_\_ It followed you home (can I keep it, Ma? Please?).
- \_\_\_ It's a better sign of civilization than a piece of celery.
- \_\_\_ You thought it was yet another SW zine.
- \_\_\_ The Master made you buy it.
- \_\_\_ You like beer, back-bacon and doughnuts, eh?
- \_\_\_ You stole it from the Supreme Being.
- \_\_\_ It was a choice between this and the K-9 & Co. theme record (good choice).
- \_\_\_ There's a difference between serious scientific experimentation and meddling.
- \_\_\_ You saw LEISURE HIVE and needed this zine to redeem your faith in the series.
- \_\_\_ Rob's fantastic artwork made up for Rhonda's cover.
- \_\_\_ Four foot one.
- \_\_\_ You're happy the Cybermen got the little bugger too.
- \_\_\_ You abhor radio telescopes.
- \_\_\_ You jettisoned your Zero Room.
- \_\_\_ You want to go back to E-Space.
- \_\_\_ You want to 'phone-home'.
- \_\_\_ Coorooocoocoocoocoocooco. . . .
- \_\_\_ ". . .well, I've got this really strange pillar, you see. . ."
- \_\_\_ You thought it was THE BLUE GUARDIAN #2 (a rare issue indeed).
- \_\_\_ You're just a mouth with two legs.
- \_\_\_ By your estimation of the resistance of vegetable fiber, this zine was stepped on by something weighing a quarter of a ton.
- \_\_\_ It's full of entropy, recursion, and other nonsense.
- \_\_\_ Quod Erat Demonstratum!
- \_\_\_ You're the mundane next door neighbor of a Prydonian Renegade, and the postman's made a mistake.
- \_\_\_ You want to see LOGOPOLIS just one more time.
- \_\_\_ You're mindless, impatient, and bossy. (I heard that! - Rhonda) (You were meant to! - Rob)
- \_\_\_ You noticed the subliminal impressions in the last issue's artwork urging you to buy all our publications.
- \_\_\_ Cyberleader said it was 'excellent'.
- \_\_\_ Ministers of Enlightenment and Persuasion convinced you it was good.

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FRONTCOVER BY REECE, BACCOVER BY ST. JOHN



## SON OF MINOR NOTES

(In 3-D)

BY Rhonda (I get first billing this time) Reece

AND

Robert (Waaaaaa!) St. John

Well, the moment you've all been waiting for (dreading) has finally arrived! As you can see, **ZETA MINOR #2** has found life, and will be sold on street corners in a neighborhood near you, for those of you new to ZM, welcome. Enjoy. For those of you who have seen us through ZM #1 and our special edition "The Doctor and The Enterprise", you have been warned, and we are not responsible for any adverse affect. *Except insomnia. Not Paranoia??*

Last issue, we asked for comments, opinions, etc. and we got a good enough response (especially the etc. - JA) that we've included a LOC section. We'd like to continue to do so, so how about it, eh? This is called 'audience participation!'

Also a new feature is a special portions section, especially printed so you can remove them to do as you will (but be gentle, folks). And a special thanks goes to Connie Faddis for the use of the cover frame and ZM logo found throughout. (What would we do without you, Connie ???!!??)

Once again, we'd like to extend an invitation to contribute toward a following issue (THEY DON'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT - ANON.), and thank heartily those responsible for this issue, both the contributors and the laborers - you know who you are. Correcting a (forgivable?) oversight (It wasn't my fault - JA) left over from ZM #1, we'll now be giving a separate address to order zines from the one given for submissions. We apologize for any confusion caused by this mistake. **IT WASN'T MY FAULT!!!** Waaaaaaaaa!

A final note. Due to a change in abodes (not to mention states) Rhonda will otherwise exeunt the duo-editorship into the able ???hands of Robert, to do as he pleases. It's mine. The fanzine. It's all mine!! Ha, ha, ha! *Don't push it.*

So, to find out just how that works out, you'll just have to buy ZM #3. (How was that?? -us) (Real subtle, guys. - ZM bookkeeper).

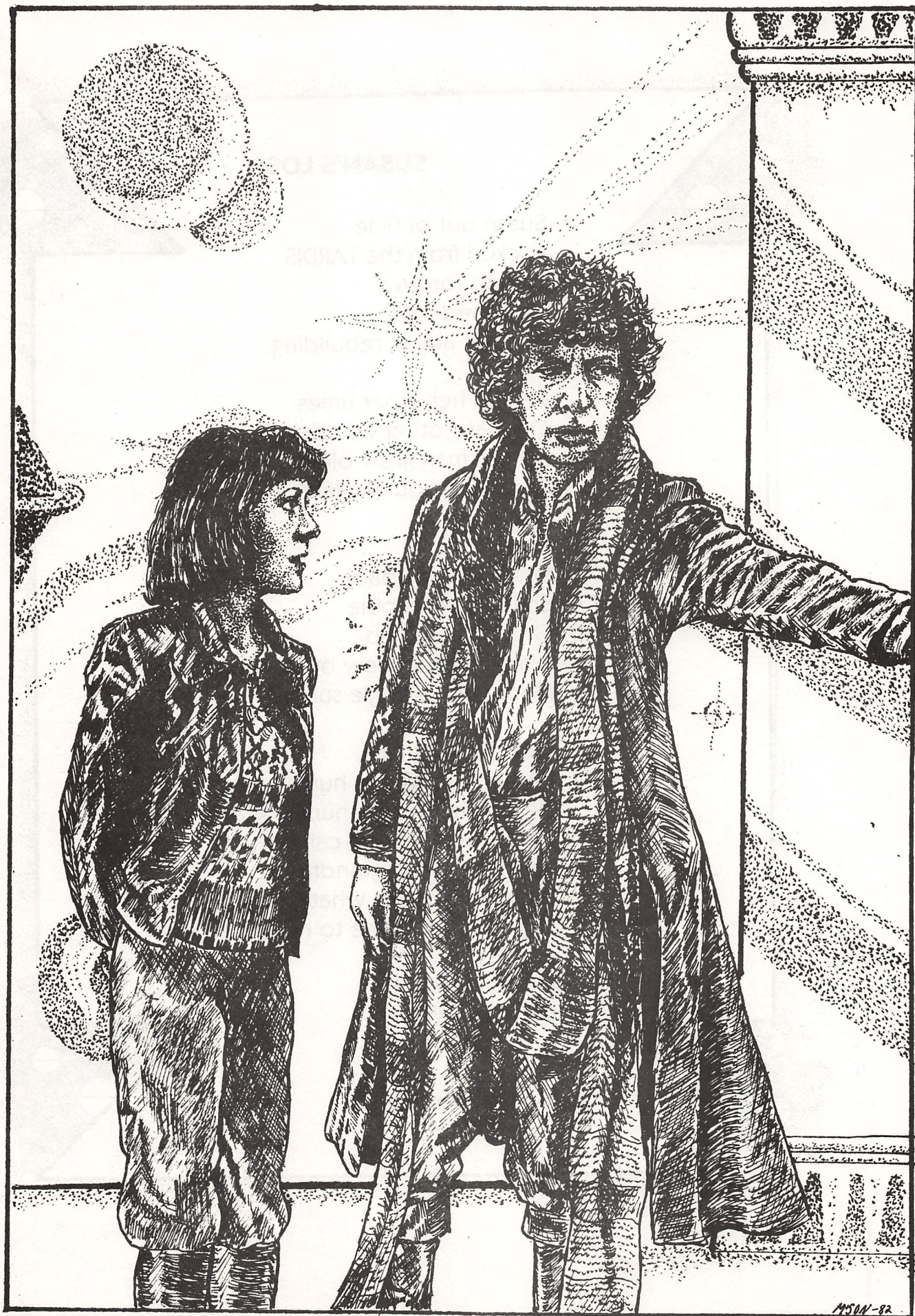
GOOD DAY, eh??

US

Rhonda Reece

Robert St. John







## SUSAN'S LOSS

Susan out of time  
Locked from the TARDIS  
Turned for love  
To ruined Earth  
And set about rebuilding.

Behind her other times  
On many other worlds  
An old man grew older  
And grew young again  
Again.

Susan out of space  
Solid in the rubble  
Of a single world  
Watched days flow by her countably  
Marked by a single sun.

One day perhaps,  
Perhaps when her human lover  
Deserts her for his human grave,  
An old woman will call out  
And her young grandfather  
With who knows what face  
Will take her home to homelessness

In the vortex  
Between worlds  
And times.

by Ruth Berman

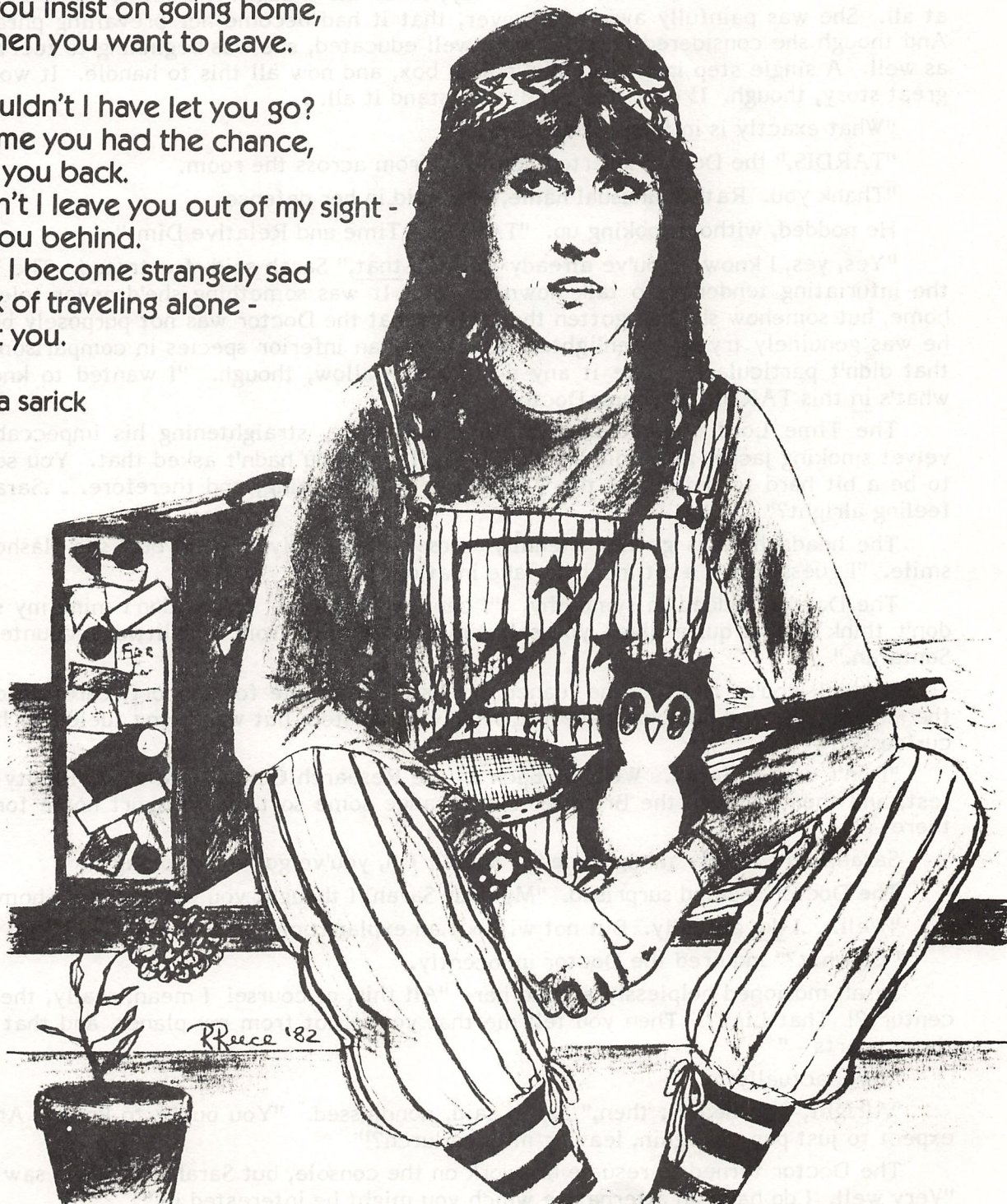


## TO SARAH JANE

Why did I bring you here?  
Why have I taken you along?  
Like a child I begged you to come  
Like a clown I joked and humored you  
through each adventure.  
Egotistical enough to be surprised  
When you insist on going home,  
Hurt when you want to leave.

Why couldn't I have let you go?  
Every time you had the chance,  
I called you back.  
Why can't I leave you out of my sight -  
Leave you behind.  
Why do I become strangely sad  
To think of traveling alone -  
Without you.

by teresa sarick





## THE LAST SUNSET

by Rhonda Reece &amp; Rob St. John

"Hearts? What do you mean hearts?" Sarah Jane Smith was not a girl prone to headaches, yet she felt a whacking great one coming on. "Just how many hearts do you have, anyway, Doctor?" she demanded of her companion.

The tall, white-haired, elegantly clothed gentleman was in the midst of the room, intent with something he had called the 'control console' when they had entered earlier. "Oh, nothing extravagant, I assure you. Only two."

"Oh." It was all she could think to say, since she thought it would be rude to say nothing at all. She was painfully aware, however, that it had become her prevailing phrase of late. And though she considered herself fairly well educated, she was beginning to feel a bit dense, as well. A single step into a 'simple' police box, and now all this to handle. It would make a great story, though. If only she could understand it all. . .

"What exactly is in this. . .this. . ."

"TARDIS," the Doctor inserted helpfully from across the room.

"Thank you. Rather unusual name," she said in her defense.

He nodded, without looking up. "TARDIS - Time and Relative Dim-"

"Yes, yes, I know. You've already told me that," Sarah said, frustrated. The Doctor had the infuriating tendency to talk down to her. It was something she'd never tolerated back home, but somehow she had gotten the feeling that the Doctor was not purposely being rude - he was genuinely trying to enlighten her, surely an inferior species in comparison. Knowing that didn't particularly make it any easier to swallow, though. "I wanted to know exactly what's in this TARDIS of yours, Doctor."

The Time Lord stepped back from the console, straightening his impeccably pressed velvet smoking jacket as he did so. "Oh, yes. I wish you hadn't asked that. You see, it tends to be a bit hard to define, as the TARDIS is a living thing, and therefore. . .Sarah, are you feeling alright?"

The headache was getting steadily worse. "Perfectly, thank you," she flashed her best smile. "I guess this is a bit much to take in at once."

The Doctor nodded in sympathy. "I can well imagine. If you don't mind my saying so, I don't think you've quite given yourself time to recover from our little encounter with the Sontaran."

"I think you're right." She leaned against the console for support, careful not to touch the many levers and buttons. She felt utterly exhausted, but was being fueled by her sparked curiosity.

"Don't worry, Sarah. We'll be back at the Research Centre in a tick. Plenty of time to rest, and then I'm sure the Brigadier can arrange some sort of transport home for you from there - "

Sarah immediately straightened. "What? Oh, you've got to be joking!"

The Doctor seemed surprised. "My dear Sarah, I thought you wanted to go home."

"Well. . .I do, actually. But not without an explanation!"

"Of what?" inquired the Doctor innocently.

Sarah motioned helplessly around her. "All this, of course! I mean, really, the thirteenth century?! That Linx?! Then you tell me that you're not from my planet, and that you've got three hearts - "

"Two, actually."

"Alright, two hearts, then," Sarah said, nonplussed. "You ought to know. And now you expect to just pop off again, leaving me in a lurch?!"

The Doctor turned to resume his work on the console, but Sarah swore she saw him smile. "Very well. I do have an alternative which you might be interested in."



"Well? Let's have it."

"I've rather been left in a lurch lately."

"Oh?" Sarah mentally scolded herself. She'd done it again.

"I told you that I work with UNIT, didn't I? On a part time basis only, of course. Yes, well, I've lost my assistant recently, and the position is still open."

Sarah fought down a laugh. "You don't mean you want me to take on the job, do you?"

"Why ever not?" the Doctor said, obviously seeing no trouble in this proposal at all.

"Well, for a start, I'm hardly UNIT material. I'm terribly underqualified. After all," she reminded him, "I'm a journalist, Doctor, not a scientist."

The Doctor continued to work as he quietly spoke. "Well, the Brigadier seems to think I need someone about. If you ask me, I think he just wants someone about to keep an eye on me. Imagine! As for your lack of qualifications - surely you picked up some sort of scientific thought process while living with your distinguished aunt?"

"Hardly. I didn't see that much of her, actually, so that doesn't help matters greatly. But I think my own thought processes are 'adequate', thank you very much." Sarah thought the Doctor's idea absurd, but she found herself being intrigued despite herself. "What would I be doing?" she asked, slowly.

"Assisting me, of course. You want to learn more about. . ." the Doctor's eyes twinkled as he looked round the room ". . .this, and I need a replacement. It seems the perfect arrangement to me."

"But I'm not a scientist," Sarah persisted.

The Doctor chuckled. "Believe me, my dear Sarah, my last assistant wasn't quite a scientist, either, in the strictest sense."

Sarah couldn't believe her ears. Getting inside UNIT was every reporter's dream. It had become infamous in journalistic circles for being totally impregnable. Now here she was, being given a free ticket to breach the place. It was all too good to be true.

"Well, how about it?" asked the Doctor, looking amused.

A sudden thought struck her. "I won't be around just to make cups of coffee for you, will I?" she asked, only half-seriously.

The Doctor looked around rather guiltily, and smiled. "I have to admit that Jo tended to do more than her share. But I promise that you won't be forced into it. Unless," he quickly amended, "you get thirsty, that is."

Smiling too, Sarah vaguely wondered if she quite knew what she was getting into, and proffered her hand. "It's a deal."

\*\*\*\*\*

The quarry leapt through dense foliage on two massive legs in its useless attempt to escape from its hunter. Balancing and thrusting with a heavy tail, the kangaroo-like beast quickly made for a clearing which it knew to be near. Darkness was falling fast on the world, and it knew that if it didn't find the main trail soon, its pursuer - an immense, humming ball of intensely glowing white light - would easily overcome it. As the humming augmented, it turned its ebony, saucer-shaped eyes over its shoulder, to see the sphere less than three meters behind it. The panicked creature yelped and stumbled into a clearing absent of vegetation. In its last few seconds on the world, the creature turned to face its stalker as the light engulfed it.

Quiet returned to the grove as the sphere glided silently up and into the twilight sky above. The silence was not to last, though; it was replaced by a disturbing, echoing grind emanating from a spot where a tall, blue block with a flashing light atop was materializing.

\*\*\*\*\*

Protesting loudly, the TARDIS seemed to jump in mid-air, jarring the two occupants within. Having only felt that particular lurch once before, Sarah still wasn't sure what it



meant. "Have we landed?" she asked, hopefully.

The Doctor's hands were playing over the controls, seeming to do a dozen things at once. "The correct term is materialization, but you've gotten the general idea, I believe."

The notion that they were back on solid ground, and not in the grace of 'non-existence', as the Doctor had put it, relieved Sarah no end. She made straight for the door, only to find it closed to her. "Well, what are you waiting for? I'm sure your Brigadier friend will want to know what happened, won't he?"

"Oh, without a doubt," the Doctor agreed, solemnly, yet he didn't move away from the console.

"Can't you open the door?"

The Doctor seemed slightly offended. "Of course I can open the door. I'm simply checking the atmosphere and environment."

"Eh?"

Moving to a large, red knob, he gave it a twist. "Seeing that it's safe to go out, Sarah."

"You mean it could be dangerous?" Sarah, fully expecting to return to the Research Centre, never once considered that such a landing could be hazardous in any way. She watched as part of the wall seemed to fall away, leaving in its wake a large viewscreen, which in turn revealed an incredibly lush and vibrant jungle-like area.

"There's always that possibility. Especially if one encounters a slight detour." The Doctor stared intently at the viewscreen as he spoke.

An uncomfortable thought had begun to nag at Sarah. "How slight a detour?"

The Doctor motioned toward the screen. "That slight, I'm afraid."

The area beyond the screen seemed to glow with an energy of its own, giving it the definite impression of overflowing with life.

Keeping in mind their unexpected destination, Sarah began to ruefully wonder what had become of the Doctor's previous assistant.

The Doctor stared at the screen a moment longer before, seeming to make a decision of some sort, he headed for a locker at the side of the room.

"What are you doing?"

The Time Lord's voice echoed, his head totally immersed in the locker. "Preparing myself."

"Preparing for what?"

Emerging again, the Doctor held two small torches. "Night seems to be coming on. These might come in handy."

Sarah glanced nervously at the screen. "You're going out in that?"

"Certainly." The Doctor put on a heavy cape.

"Listen, if we made a mistake in landing, why can't we try again? You can, can't you?"

"What? Dematerialize? Of course I can. But there's no use wasting a perfectly good landing. Might as well have a little look round while we're here."

"What for?" Sarah was not lacking a sense of adventure, but the view on the screen was not particularly inviting to her.

"Because it's there, my dear girl," the Doctor smiled. "Look Sarah, you don't have to go. I'll be right back, and then we'll 'try again'."

Sarah got the distinct impression that she was being teased. Measuring up the view on the screen, she reached for a torch. "Well, I am your assistant," she said in answer to the Doctor's questioning look.

The Time Lord patted her encouragingly on the back. "Indeed you are. Splendid. Then shall we investigate?" he said, turning another knob.



Warm, soothing air buffeted the travellers as they stepped out of the TARDIS. That particularly peaceful air before dusk reminded Sarah briefly of home, but it was there that the similarity ended. Great trees towered above them, blocking most of the sun's remaining rays, and lush plants surrounded them; jutting up and dominating the ground everywhere but at a small nearby trail that seemed to lead deeper into the woods. It would have been tropical but the plants were only reminiscent of any tropical foliage Sarah had ever seen. It was certainly less imposing close up.

"It's incredible," Sarah exclaimed.

"Yes, isn't it?" agreed the Doctor, tugging at his collar. "Rather stuffy, though."

All trepidation forgotten, Sarah eagerly moved toward the inviting trail. "Oh, I don't think so. It's rather nice." She promptly took two deep breaths to prove her point.

"Not so fast, Sarah," the Doctor cautioned, following closely behind her. "Let's stay together."

Sarah smiled at their reversed roles. "I don't see anything to worry about. As a matter of fact I don't even see any signs of animal life at all."

"You think animal life is the only thing that can be harmful? Besides, things are not always as they appear."

"Meaning?"

The Doctor pointed to the path on which they were walking. "Something made this trail."

Realization dawning, Sarah looked below her. "I don't suppose it could be natural?"

"Possible, but not likely."

Unconsciously moving closer to the Doctor, she smiled wanely. "Well, at least it's not a big trail."

The Doctor returned the smile. "Meaning?"

"Whatever made it couldn't have been very big."

"See? Logic. You did pick something up from your aunt." Giving her arm a reassuring squeeze, the Doctor began to lead them down the trail.

They had walked for several minutes, marvelling at the curious fauna as they threaded through, when something even more unique caught Sarah's eyes. Further in front of them, off to one side, was the most unusual bush she had ever seen. Large, purplish leaves were heavily clustered; their surface seemed to catch the departing light and reflect it back.

Walking a bit ahead of her companion, she went to get a closer look. "Doctor! Look at this! It actually looks like they're ali-" Before her eyes, the 'bush' divided; each 'leaf' separating and taking flight, startled by her approach. Sarah, for her part, spurred them on by screaming in astonishment.

The Doctor was at her side in a moment, kneeling where she sat, trying to calm her. "Are you alright?"

"Yes, I'm fine," she breathed, "Just startled." She was more embarrassed at her outburst than anything else. Sarah looked after the flying 'bush' with distaste. "What was that?"

"Some form of life form. Similiar to a bird, I would hazard."

"Some bird!"

"They seemed harmless enough, Sarah. Actually, it's quite fascinating the way they huddle together like that for protection. The ultimate camouflage."

"Oh, yes," she agreed, sarcastically. "Fascinating. I'll have to write a book on it sometime."

"Relax, Sarah. They've gone now," the Doctor assured, allowing a hint of amusement to show in his voice, which didn't go by unnoticed.



Taking a deep breath, Sarah pulled herself up. "Shall we move on, Doctor?"

"Are you sure you're ready?"

"Quite sure," she said emphatically, moving around the Doctor and starting again down the trail.

As they travelled, Sarah noted the sun's rays, which were making their way through gradually thinning vegetation. The Doctor observed it, saying, "Looks as if we're coming up on another clearing." Sarah, however, who had ventured a bit further than he, saw what was beyond it.

"Oh. . .my, Doctor, come take a look at this." As he approached, the path emptied out onto a wide, stony ledge overlooking a huge expanse of ocean. The sun - now a large red hot bulb - lit the sky afire as it sat suspended above the waters. The picturesque scene was topped by an endless strip of greenery on the shore below them, stretching off in both directions.

"Have you ever seen a more beautiful sunset?" said Sarah, breaking the utter silence.

"No," replied the Time Lord, sincerely. "Even I must admit that in all my journeys, I've never seen a sight quite like this."

They stood there, simply admiring the beauty of the spectacle, when the Doctor tapped Sarah on the shoulder and pointed to the sea below. There, mammoth whale-like beasts were breaking the surface of the water, their strange songs filling the air.

Captivated, they watched for a few more moments, then the Doctor, looking about, said, "I think it's time we were off. Night's falling, you know."

"Do we have to leave so soon?" she protested mildly. "Sunsets like these don't come around every day."

"They might here. But, I understand how you feel, Sarah. It's just that it'll be harder to find the TARDIS once it gets dark."

A little miffed that mundane reality had the audacity to intrude on the moment, she nodded resignedly. "I suppose you're right."

Turning away, not without a little regret, they headed back in the direction of the TARDIS.

Darkness seemed to follow quickly; the light refusing to linger as Sarah was used to. As they worked their way deeper into the woods, the murky gloom made it almost impossible to see but more than a few feet in front of them, despite their torches. Even by keeping on the path, they tended to stumble over unseen obstacles. So when the trees thinned slightly, they were thankful for the fact that some sort of moonlight shone through.

As they walked, Sarah glanced upward, watching the moon dance through the branches, playing hide-and-seek with the path. The familiarity of this struck her.

"Doctor!"

Alarmed by her call, the Doctor back-peddled to where Sarah stood, looking up. "What is it?"

"It's the moon!"

The Doctor stared at Sarah curiously. "Of course it's a moon, Sarah. Many planets have a satellite of some sort."

"No, no, not a moon, the moon!"

"I'm afraid I'm not quite following you."

"The Earth's moon, Doctor, my moon!"

The Doctor looked up at the orb, as if noticing it for the first time. "Are you sure?"

She tried desperately to blank out her surroundings; placing the moon in a familiar setting. It fit. "I'm sure. I walked under it enough times."



Moving to a point where he could see better, the Time Lord nodded. "You're right. Incredible."

"But how could that be?"

"The TARDIS can travel through time, remember?"

"So?"

"We must be in Earth's past - far past. It would certainly explain the terrain."

"But not the 'bush'."

The Doctor tapped his torch, lost in thought. "Not every creature was known to your century, Sarah. Wouldn't it be interesting if we were in the period of the Silurians? And the Sea-Devils, perhaps?"

Sarah pulled a face, her eyes still on the moon. "What are you on about?"

"Nothing. Before your time. I think we should hurry on to the TARDIS now."

"No, Doctor. Look"

A number of small lights were moving through the jungle, working their way toward them from the path up ahead.

"You think they've seen us?" hissed Sarah.

"They? You've turned it into a mob rather quickly, haven't you, Sarah?"

"Listen, Doctor," Sarah said urgently, "We have a saying on our little backwards planet - 'Better safe than sorry!' "To punctuate her point, she quickly turned off her torch.

"I've noticed something about your planet's sayings, Sarah. Very cynical." The Doctor eyed the lights. "Even so, I think that one does have its merits." Following suit, he turned off his own torch, and ushered Sarah to the side of the path, and ducked behind a shrub-like plant.

As the lights approached, their owners could gradually be seen. Four small creatures emerged, five feet tall at most, with greyish folds of skin covering a stout body. They walked upright on thick, powerful legs, but with a slight bend. Their heads were dominated by large, searching eyes.

"They look like scared rabbits," whispered Sarah.

"Yes, they do a bit, don't they? They seem just as harmless. Let's find out, shall we?" The Doctor emerged from the shrub, turning on his torch as he did so, forcing Sarah to helplessly follow him.

The creatures all fell back at once, quickly herding together, looking as if they were preparing to fight for their lives.

"Please, please, don't be frightened," soothed the Doctor, "We're friends. Do you understand?"

The creatures kept silent, their eyes following the two travellers' every movement. Sarah tugged at the Time Lord's sleeve. "I don't think they speak your language, Doctor."

"Actually, if they're intelligent, I'd be speaking theirs."

"Hmm?"

"Later. Opening his hands, and keeping them at his sides, he slowly moved forward. "I am the Doctor. Whom do I have the pleasure of speaking to?"

An uncomfortable silence followed, as the two groups continued to warily watch each other.

"This is a great waste of time," insisted Sarah's voice from the Doctor's elbow. "They're just animals."

"Holding a light? I thought I told you not to judge by appearances," admonished the Doctor. "Why, I remember a highly intelligent being that looked no more like a walnut than anything else - "



"What do you want from us?" interrupted a shrill voice.

The creature who spoke had stepped from the group, tensely holding the lighted stick in its three-fingered hand.

The Doctor, showing no surprise, stepped forward also, and grandly bowed. "Ah, at last! Conversation. My companion and I are travellers, sir. We are just passing through."

"Passing through?" the creature shrieked. "That is not possible."

"Oh? Why not?"

"You have not been seen before."

"Of course not. My companion and I have just arrived."

The creature stepped forward, and let the light rest on the two's faces. There was a gasp from the other beings behind it. "You are of the legends."

"Legends?"

"You must be responsible for the disappearance of our people."

"My dear man, we aren't responsible for the disappearance of anybody, I assure you." The Doctor's voice was low and calm, not betraying any signs of being concerned about being accused, if he was concerned. Nervously balling her hands, Sarah slipped them in her pockets, and addressed the creature.

"May I ask just who you are?"

It drew up its stout body enough to just equal that of Sarah's in height. "We are Omu. I am TarOmu."

"You are the leader of your kind?" asked the Doctor.

"I am their advisor. No Omu is under another."

"An admirable philosophy, sir." The Doctor eyed Sarah behind him. "I only wish other species held the same view."

Sarah felt an absurd urge to defend her 'species', but instead turned to TarOmu again. "What are you doing out here?"

TarOmu inclined his head, motioning toward his people behind him. "We are in search of our brothers. For a moon turn now, they have been disappearing. We fear for their lives. We fear they are already dead. Tonight TanOmu stayed out after nightfall. He, too, has failed to return."

The Doctor nodded. "If your people are in trouble, perhaps we can help?"

TarOmu seemed to shudder. "No. Our people could not co-operate with such. . . apparitions."

"Apparitions?" piped Sarah, indignant.

"You cannot survive here," continued TarOmu. "It is not possible."

"I disagree," stated the Time Lord simply. "Our presence here alone disproves that."

Ignoring the Doctor's comment, TarOmu looked up at the night's sky. "We must return. It is no longer safe," he said quietly.

"May we come with you? I'd be interested in speaking with your people. I'd still like to help if I could."

"No. We must go." Returning to his four companions, the Omu turned away, often glancing nervously behind them, until the lights threading through the woods were all that they could see.

"That was a strange lot," commented Sarah.

"Yes. I'm more interested in the disappearance of their people, however. Let's go."

"Yes, right. Where to?"



"After them, of course."

"Wait a minute," started Sarah, clutching the Doctor's retreating arm. "Why? You heard them. They obviously don't want our help. I wouldn't push things."

"They may not want it, but they just as obviously need it. Sometimes the hardest thing to do is to ask for help, Sarah."

Sarah considered the slight creatures, so afraid of her and the Doctor. What chance would they have against some mysterious force depleting their number? "Sometimes the hardest thing is to offer to help," countered Sarah, smiling.

"Good, Sarah, very good. I knew my faith in your race was not totally unfounded." Grasping her hand, the Doctor led her after the Omu.

While stumbling through the foliage, Sarah casually noted a particularly bright pin-like star in the ink-black sky above. Its glow seemed to grow in intensity with each flicker of its light. Looking away, she didn't see it suddenly start to move, accelerating quickly, until it sped out of the night's sky.

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It was definitely the Omu camp. Not an actual 'camp' per se, but rather a very large, illuminated clearing dominated by an equally large earthen mound. A number of entrances led into the interior of the burrow, indicating a network of tunnels beneath. Omu ran about the camp, lighting torches, changing guard, and in other ways preparing for the long night ahead. One of the small beings, however, sat atop the mound gazing into the starry sky.

From the depths of the forest emerged a party of Omu, each carrying firefly lamps and looking back nervously over their shoulders.

"Do you think they know we followed them?" Sarah was crouched behind a thick 'palm' bush at the edge of the clearing, the Doctor directly behind her.

"They may suspect," he whispered, "but we were cautious enough. Whatever is happening here has put them into a terrible state, though." Sarah shifted her weight on the other leg and lowered her voice.

"I know. They looked at us as though we were ghosts. Doctor, what are they? If this is Earth's past, I've never seen anything like those in the books Aunt Lavinia had."

The Time Lord rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I'm working on an idea, but I can't be quite sure yet."

The party the two had encountered were now surrounded by fellow Omu. The leader of the group, the one who called himself TarOmu, was jabbering wildly and gesturing anxiously with his stubby forelimb. Others looked on trying to comprehend what he was saying.

The Doctor tapped Sarah on the shoulder. "Well, there's only one way to find out what's going on. . .and I intend to." He stepped over the bush and walked confidently toward the gathering.

"No, Doctor, don't. . ." Sarah's voice trailed off; she knew she was too late - once again. She looked about indecisively. Giving in, she brushed the sand off her once-pressed slacks and reluctantly followed the Doctor.

"I tell you all," squealed TarOmu to his fellows, "there they were, as solid as you or I. It was as if the bones themselves had come to life. One was small, about my size, covered in strange skins. The other was taller, with hair as bright as the moon itself. I think he called himself the . . ."

TarOmu was interrupted by a much deeper, steadier voice. "Doctor!" The Time Lord strolled nonchalantly up to the group, Sarah in pursuit behind him. "Yes, that's me, and this is my assistant, Sarah Jane. . .Smith, isn't it?" Sarah nodded and tried to smile. The Doctor turned back to the Omu, who were cowering in fear, some falling to the ground. "Oh, please don't be afraid. We mean you no harm. As I told TarOmu here, I want to help."







From the crowd, one spoke. "Then please release our comrades and be gone from here."

Sarah decided they'd been accused long enough. "Look, we don't have your friends! Why are you so afraid of us?"

She was startled to hear a voice come from above them. "Because you are both impossibilities. You cannot exist here at this time." The high-pitched voice belonged to the Omu who had been watching the night sky. He climbed down from the mound, but remained a good distance from the two.

"Now that's interesting," said the Doctor with a grin. "What do you mean by that? And who are you?"

"I am AinOmu, the augury."

Sarah looked up at the Doctor. "What?"

"Wizard. Astrologist."

"Oh." Any moment now I'll wake up, I just know I will. AinOmu continued, "You and your kind are gone now. . .extinct. Nothing but your bones are left now, and you seem real enough."

The Doctor stepped forward, only to have half the Omu scream and make for the burrow entrances. The Doctor cleared his throat. "Well, I can assure you that we are real. You mentioned bones. . .do you have any on hand? Please?" The Omu hesitated for a moment, then one, a lamplighter, stepped forward and cautiously handed a rough bowl filled with an oily substance to the Doctor. He took the strange vessel in his hands, and upon examining it meticulously, widened his eyes in amazement.

"It appears that I was wrong, Sarah." He emptied the oil onto the ground and turned the 'bowl' around. It was a white, oblong sphere with three indentations on the front. Underneath this, what appeared to be teeth protruded downward.

"Homo Sapien, wouldn't you agree, Sarah?" It was indeed a skull, and definitely that of modern man as Sarah knew it.

"You mean we've gone forward in time, Doctor?"

"Yes, and it seems we're much farther in the future of Earth than even I've ever been. Look around. Constellations completely changed, no sign that man ever did exist here except for this," he indicated the skull, "and then there's the Omu."

Sarah noted the Omu keenly watching them, comprehending neither what the Doctor was talking about nor why he was pointing to them. "So, who are they?"

"Well, they're obviously the result of future evolution. . .kangaroos, perhaps? After human beings left the Earth on its own to colonize space, nature got back to work. The Omu are the next race of intelligent beings on the planet. . .the third generation."

Sarah shook her head in disbelief. "The Saurians. . .Man. . .and now them!"

"Exactly! To them, we are spooks. I can see now how the Brigadier felt going up against the Silurians."

Sarah was desperately trying to keep up with what the Doctor was saying; If I don't wake up now, I never will.

"So now the Omu have a mystery on their hands in the year. . .oh, say 5 billion A.D.?" The Doctor gingerly handed the skull back to the lamplighter, and regarded AinOmu. "Could you tell us more about these disappearances?"

AinOmu looked as if he had been following the traveller's conversation with very little understanding, but he seemed mesmerized nonetheless. "There isn't much to tell, Doctor. For nearly one moon-turn now, members of the tribe have been disappearing from the forest one-by-one without a trace. We have no natural enemy, and yet we dare not leave the burrow for fear of never returning. It appears hopeless. One day, none of us will be left."

"Oh, nonsense," exclaimed the Doctor. "There's an explanation for everything, and Sarah and I are going to help you find it."



"No!" TarOmu boldly stepped to the front of the group. "You must go. Even if you are not the cause, it is our problem; we must not employ the aid of apparitions!" He turned to address his people. It is an evil thing to do wo."

Sarah and the Doctor groaned in unison. "It seems rather useless," Sarah said aloud.

"No, have patience, Sarah." The Doctor turned imploringly toward the Omu. "Right. We shall leave. But are there any of you who will come along to help?" He paused. "Well, don't all rush at once. . .after all, they are only your own brothers and sisters out there missing." The Doctor looked around, but was surprised to see the Omu still holding their ground.

"I hate to say it, Doctor. . ." began Sarah.

"Then don't. Come along." The two turned and with a final look over their shoulders, left the clearing into the total darkness of the jungle.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Doctor stood with hands on hips, inspecting the surrounding area. Sarah was not far off, shining the torch around her. A single trail was surrounded on both sides by the eerie darkness of the forest. The Doctor frowned. "Well, we can't be far from the TARDIS. I can hear the breakers. Anyway, I've got a perfect sense of direction."

"Or so you've said. What we should have done. . .Doctor, are you listening to me?"

"Quiet, Sarah. Do you hear that?"

"What?"

"That!"

Sarah walked closer to the Doctor, and in a few seconds, she heard it - a strange 'thumpity-thump' noise rapidly approaching them. The Doctor took the torch and shone it down the path. Sarah gasped as she saw some type of large animal, but as it approached, it became apparent that it was, surprisingly enough, an Omu.

"Hullo. . .AinOmu, isn't it?" asked the Doctor. Sarah smiled, relieved to see a friendly (or, at least, familiar) face.

"Yes," AinOmu said. "I've come to help you. You will find the forest quite hard to navigate at night. And I think I know where we can start to look,"

"Well, that sounds like a reliable partnership." The Doctor held out his hand, and AinOmu, though apparently unfamiliar with the gesture, slowly held out his own. The Doctor grasped it and shook it vigorously.

"What now?" asked Sarah.

The Doctor looked down to AinOmu.

"We must first leave this path and cut through the forest to another path."

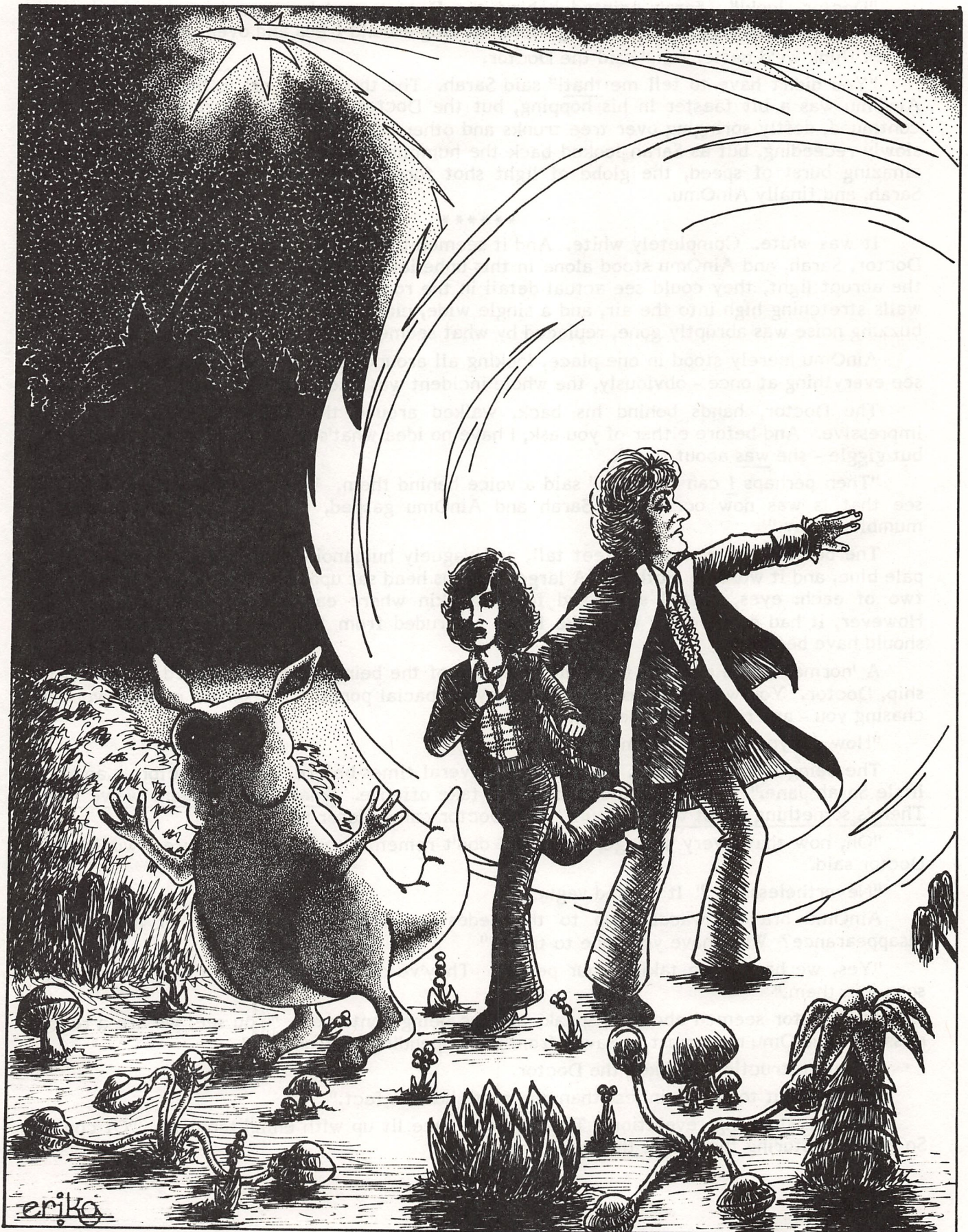
"Oh, marvelous," mumbled Sarah.

The Doctor turned to her. "'Keep your fears to yourself, but share your courage.' - Robert Louis Stevenson, 1885," he said with a flourish. Sarah knew he was right - her grumbling wasn't helping matters; but then again, too much was happening at once for her to sit back and enjoy the view. She made a mental note to herself to be a little more constructive in her actions while she was with the Doctor. . .but how long would that be?

"Anyway," continued the Doctor, "we should be safe enough with our 'tour guide' here. Lead on Macduff!"

AinOmu took the two through the forest, trying to go through the sparser areas of underbrush. Strangely enough, there were no animal sounds filling the air, and the Doctor could no longer hear the breakers. He broke the total silence by whistling a tune Sarah recognized as being 'Tiptoe through the Tulips'. She soon joined in and the three continued on through the darkness, the only sound being the song they provided until the Doctor stopped and held up a hand. Seeing this, Sarah stopped and fell silent, as AinOmu followed suit. From somewhere near, a throbbing hum was closing in on the travellers.







"Doctor, look!" Sarah pointed behind the Doctor, and he turned to see a sphere of intense white light slowly approaching them, curving around trees and over underbrush.

"I think we'd better run," said the Doctor.

"You didn't have to tell me that!" said Sarah. The three took off in the same direction. AinOmu was a bit faaster in his hopping, but the Doctor didn't pass Sarah by. The three continued, deftly springing over tree trunks and other obstacles. The humming seemed to be slowly receding, but as Sarah looked back the humming became a terrible whine, and in an amazing burst of speed, the globe of light shot forward, engulfing the Doctor first, then Sarah, and finally AinOmu.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was white. Completely white. And it seemed to stretch off far into the distance. The Doctor, Sarah, and AinOmu stood alone in this unbelievable room. As their eyes adjusted to the abrupt light, they could see actual detail in the room - a few small, white trees, slanted walls stretching high into the air, and a single wide, circular pedestal in front of them. The buzzing noise was abruptly gone, replaced by what seemed like wind-chimes.

AinOmu merely stood in one place, looking all around him. His saucer-like eyes tried to see everything at once - obviously, the whole incident was like nothing an Omu could imagine.

The Doctor, hands behind his back, walked around the chamber. He said, "Most impressive. And before either of you ask, I have no idea what's going on." Sarah couldn't help but giggle - she was about to ask.

"Then perhaps I can tell you," said a voice behind them. They turned to the pedestal to see that is was now occupied. Sarah and AinOmu gasped, and the Doctor managed to mumble, "I say."

The being there was seven feet tall, and vaguely humanoid in appearance. Its skin was pale blue, and it wore no clothing. A large, bulbous head sat upon the thin body frame. It had two of each: eyes, nostril slits, and folds of skin where ears should have been located. However, it had no mouth. Wire-like limbs protruded from the torso where arms and legs should have been.

A 'normal' voice emitted from the direction of the being: "You are aboard an expedition ship, Doctor. You were captured through a hyperspatial portal - the sphere of light you saw chasing you - and brought to the ship."

"How did you know my name?"

The being laughed. "We. . .have met. . .several times before, in fact, Doctor. . .and you, little Sarah Jane." Sarah was too involved to take offense. What does it mean, 'we've met'? There's something about this creature. The Doctor came closer to it.

"Oh, now that's very strange, because I don't remember you, and I'm sure I would," the Doctor said.

"Nevertheless. . . ." It replied vaguely.

AinOmu bravely waddled up to the pedestal. "Are you the cause of my people's disappearance? What have you done to them?"

"Yes, we have been taking your people. They've come to no harm, though. You must soon join them."

The Doctor seemed about to speak, but the being continued. "You see, we are a rescue mission. The Omu race must be saved from the impending destruction."

"What destruction?" asked the Doctor.

"Sol is about to nova - in less than one earth hour in fact."

It was a startling revelation. The Doctor's face lit up with enlightenment. "Of course! So you're capturing the life of this planet and. . ."



"Transferring it to another, similar planet, yes. You see, as advanced as we are, we cannot master stellar engineering. . .it's much too unpredictable."

AinOmu was beginning to grasp things. "But why us? Why our world?"

"And how," asked Sarah, "did you know the sun was about to explode?"

The creature solemnly folded its hands. "Errr. . .let's say that we take a . . .special. . .interest in the affairs of this world in particular. We've been keeping an eye on it."

"Special interest?" asked the Doctor with a mischievous grin. "And why's that?"

"I think you yourself know, Doctor. And now, it's time we all parted. We've a mission to finish. AinOmu, please step through the portal and join your comrades." The being waved his hand, and behind them appeared a shadow-like black sphere. AinOmu walked over to it and turned around.

"Goodbye, my friends." He waved and both the Doctor and Sarah waved back. AinOmu stepped through it and disappeared. Sarah turned back to the being.

"And what about us?"

"You must both return to the TARDIS and leave this world. If you step through the portal, you will be safely returned."

"Thank you," said the Doctor. Turning to Sarah, he led her to the portal. She looked back uneasy about going through alone.

The Doctor, too, looked back. The being held his palm up and said, "Farewell, Doctor. We thank you. . .for everything."

"Well, I can see now that it was worth it in the end." The being faded away, and the Doctor and Sarah stepped through the gateway together.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Doctor strolled into the gleaming interior of the TARDIS control room, Sarah following. Reaching the console, he closed the double doors.

"Next stop, 1980. But first. . ." He began to program various panels, and then pulled the dematerialization lever.

"First what?" asked Sarah, who was tucking the torches away back in the closet.

"I want to see something. You'll want to see this, too, I should think." He opened the scanner and materialized the TARDIS.

An image formed on the screen. In the lower left hand corner, a portion of the beautiful Earth could be seen. In the upper right hand corner, the sun. As the Doctor and Sarah watched, hundreds of tiny white lights left the surface of the planet and sped into space. As the last group of portals left, the screen flashed white, and the sun swelled and burst. The Doctor once again pulled the dematerialization lever, and the view of the blue globe being swallowed by the sun was replaced by the Time/Space vortex.

Sarah shuddered a bit and turned from the screen. "Well, at least the Omu were saved." She said quietly. "Doctor, who was that alien? Why did they rescue the Omu?"

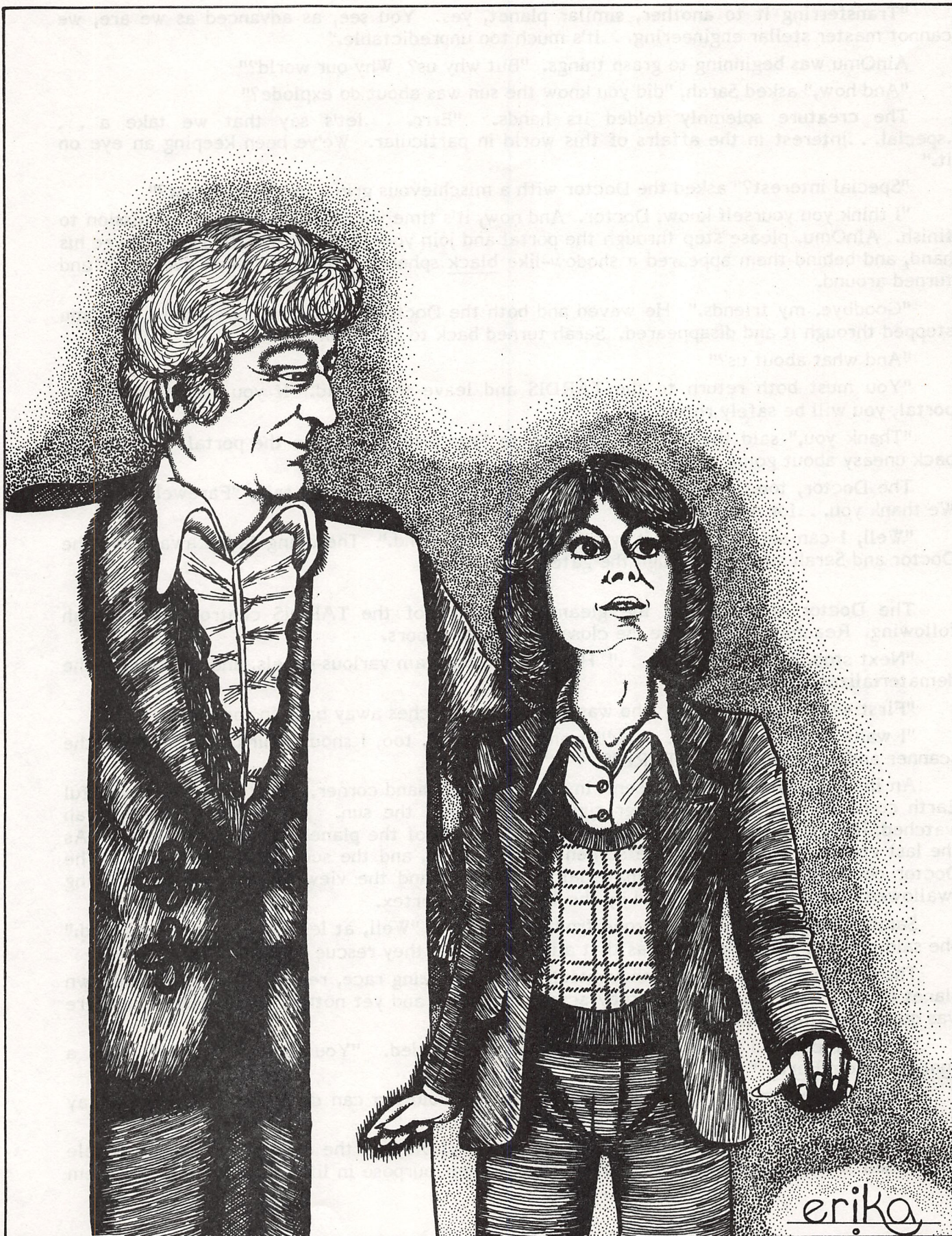
The Doctor rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "An amazing race, really. They left their own planet billions of years ago to journey across the stars, and yet nothing they found out there was quite the same. Homesickness, you might say."

Sarah's face held a puzzled look, which slowly faded. "You mean, that alien was a human? From Earth?"

"Yes. It's amazing what five billion years of evolution can do to you. You might say they felt obligated to preserve a bit of their doomed home."

Sarah pondered on that as she stared into the display on the scanner. So many people spend their lives wondering about final destiny. . .their purpose in life. And yet, none of them







would ever know the real answer - except for her. She smiled to herself and looked at the Doctor, who was busily making final adjustments at the console. Almost as if he had heard her thoughts, he too looked up and smiled.

However, if she should have felt special or unique, she didn't. That last, final answer did nothing but raise more questions. . .and that made poor Sarah Jane Smith from South Croydon feel uneasier than ever before.

The silence was finally broken by the humming of the TARDIS doors slowly stretching open, displaying an empty 20th century park beyond. "Home again," said the Doctor triumphantly.

Or was it surprisedly? noted Sarah. That was strange. . .she could have sworn she heard a roar out there. . .



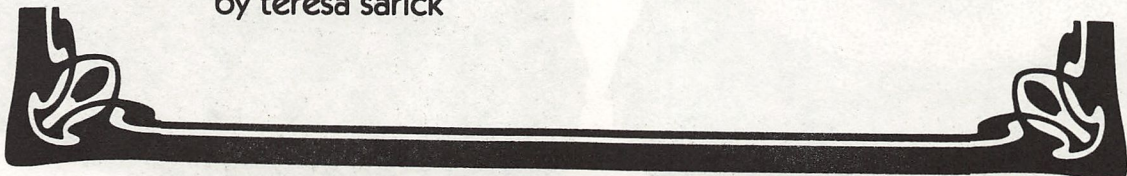
### THE DOCTOR

A long scarf trails to the floor  
Fuzzy hair curls beneath a shapeless hat  
A pocket full of jelly babies.

He's playing with the universal laws  
Of matter, space and time  
Ad-libbing scientific theories  
Glossing over philosophy, poetry, ecology.

A scientific fantasy  
A friend for a time.

by teresa sarick











## REFLECTION FROM E SPACE

I've had a chance to think just recently,  
And I saw you lying in a pool of red.  
We never even said goodbye  
(You hated them, you said).  
I've only just now realized what you did to me  
As we set about the summoned call to Gallifrey.  
I was not quick to learn outside of school.  
Oh, I was vain and selfish and naive,  
But most of all I didn't care. I was a fool.  
I wanted you my problem to perceive  
And quickly solve it for me easily.  
You knew the answer had to be my own.  
The path to freedom chosen, walked, alone.  
There was no time for talk on leaving.  
You gave your friend to me. No grieving,  
And shouted some inane thing after me.  
I am myself now. I am free.  
And freely wish that more between us had been said.  
But I see you lying in a pool of red,  
And we never even said goodbye.

By Jean Airey



## ON THE NAMING OF TIME LORDS

by S. J. Nasea

While the Doctor may be considered somewhat of an extreme case, most Time Lords are chary about letting outsiders (i.e. both aliens and those Gallifreyans not of the individual Time Lord's inner circle of friends, family and political or work related associates) know their names. This is mainly because nearly every Time Lord receives his education at the Academy, where they are trained to be detached, reserved, and suspicious (or, as the Academy instructors prefer to put it, "careful"). Thus most Time Lords think twice before telling any stranger their true names.

A Gallifreyan who reaches Time Lord status (relatively few do) may have some half-dozen names, and several titles to boot. First, of course, is the personal name given by his parents at his birth. Like our human names, these names mean something (in the old Gallifreyan tongue, that is), but unlike most human parents, Gallifreyans pay a fair amount of attention to the meaning of the names they give their children. Often these names are long and difficult (even for Gallifreyans) to pronounce -- e.g. Romanadvoratrelundar. Not all names are so long -- Borusa, Goth, Pandak, Spandrel, Drax. Sometimes children are named after historical figure or heroes -- Rassilon, Omega (the latter has fallen into disregard of late), Pandak.

Next come two other family names -- the family or last name, and that of the college his family is associated with -- Prydonian, Arcalian, Patrex, etc. Note that the so-called "family names" are closer in form and function to the "tribe" names of the ancient Israelites than to our last names, in that they are the names of legendary/historical figures to whom the family traces -- often rather tenuously -- its roots.

Upon entry in school, a young Time Lord is assigned a "name" by his teachers. He keeps this during the early years, disarding it on entry into his appropriate field of study at the Academy itself. The Doctor's name during these years was Theta Sigma.

While most Time Lords are markedly lacking in humor (though cases like the Doctor, with an inordinate sense of humor, are not unheard of), the giving and taking of nicknames is more the rule than the exception -- the Doctor, the Master, the Fatuous, the Monk, etc. Like the Doctor's and Runcible's, most of these nicknames are bestowed by a student or students at the Academy on another student. Except when the nickname is more insulting than complementary, it is not uncommon for the owner of the nickname to take it as his principal name, sometimes even to the point of taking it as the name he will be known by as a Time Lord.

For when a young person is inducted as a Time Lord,<sup>1</sup> he has the option of taking a new first name. This is a relatively new practice (only in use the last thousand years or so) and one seen as pretentious by some. Using one's nickname to the virtual exclusion of all other names, however, is much more traditional, and a custom not without its practical aspects; in some cases, use of the nickname is so pervasive that no one can recall the original name.

Thus you can see that when you add on whatever titles and/or positions a Time Lord may acquire, he ends up with a whole string of monickers. In the Doctor's case, of course, we only know a few: the name of his college (Prydonian); his nickname (also apparently the name he chose to go by as a Time Lord, since it's the only one his fellow Time Lords address him by); his title of Time Lord (Presumably Junior status, since he left Gallifrey at a relatively young age - although his tendency for 'vulgar facetiousness' may have effectively precluded his advancement); and of course the title of President (giving him the right to be addressed as "Your Excellency").

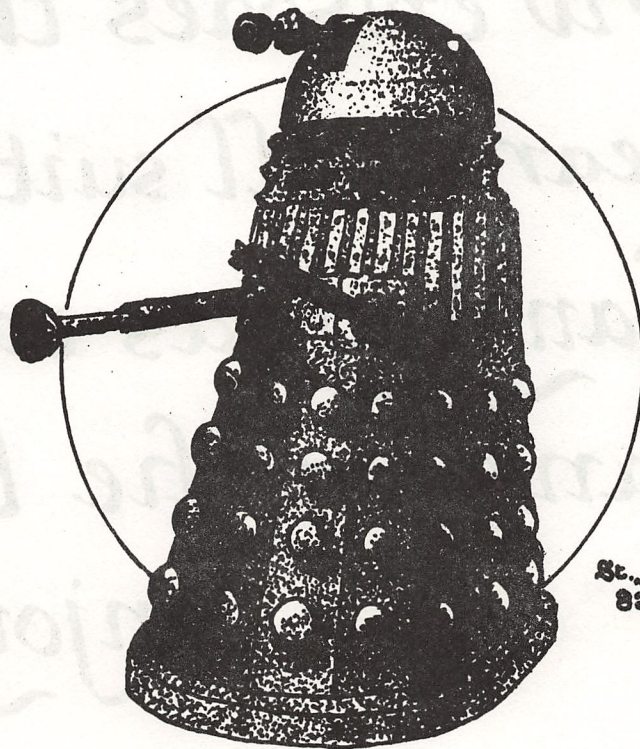
<sup>1</sup>giving him, if, like most, he is inducted subsequent to graduation from the academy and the passing of certain other tests, the right to sit on the Junior Council of the Time Lords, a large, relatively powerless, yet prestigious group.



To better illustrate the point, let us create a mythical Time Lord and take a look at his names and titles. Born of Prydonian Parents, he is named Sondak by his parents and also from then gets the family name of Rassilon. In his early school years, he is called simply Beta Tau. At the Academy he receives the nickname "the Thinker". The other students called him this because he took so long to answer questions, always saying, "I'm thinking, I'm thinking!" when pressed for a reply.

Although Sondak grows to like the nickname and considers formally adopting it, ultimately when he attains Junior status, he chooses to be inducted under the name of his favorite instructor, Borusa. With his idol's consent (the proper thing to do, according to Time Lord etiquette, when taking the name of a living person) he is inducted Borusa-Sondak Rassilon of the Prydonians, Time Lord, Junior rank. Later, of course, he may rise to senior status, even become a Cardinal of his college.

Thus depending on who's addressing him he may have many names: Cardinal Borusa-Sondak or My Lord Cardinal, as addressed at meetings of the Senior Council of the Time Lords or other governmental bodies, or by unfamiliar people of lower rank; on state occasions of high formality, My Lord Cardinal Borusa-Sondak Rassilon of Prydonia; Borusa-Sondak to friends and colleagues of relatively recent acquaintance; to old friends from the Academy, Sondak or the Thinker; to even older acquaintances from Pre-Academy days, Beta Tau or Bete; to his mother, Sony; to his detractors, old B-S.





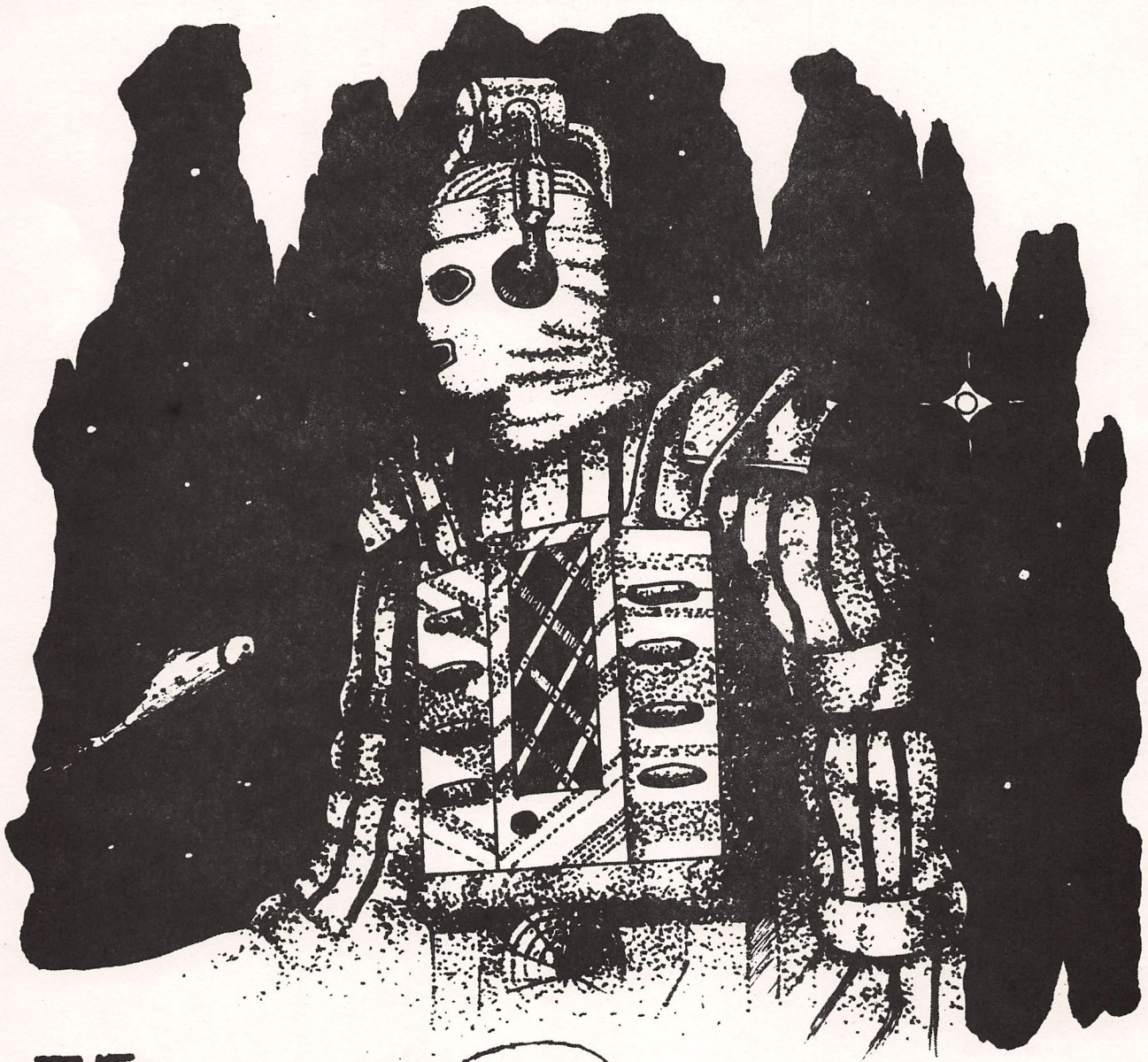
# DOCTOR WHO PORTFOLIO ✧

Submitted for your  
approval: artwork fea-  
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est DW episodes through  
the years... all suitable  
for hanging, as each  
is blank on the back!  
enjoy!

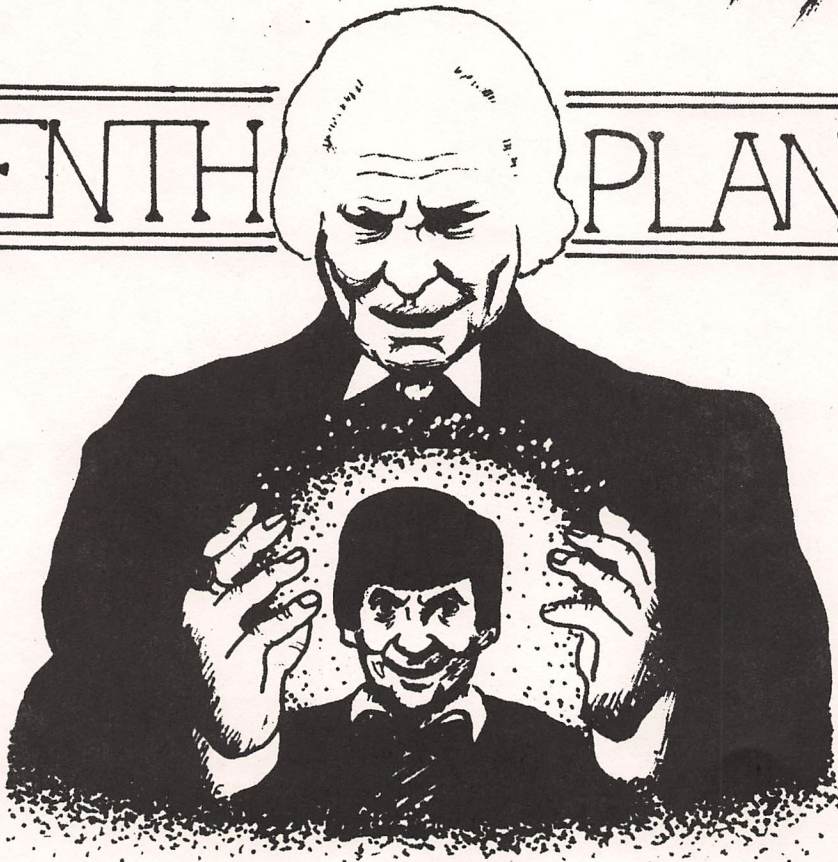


~the editors





THE  
TENTH PLANET



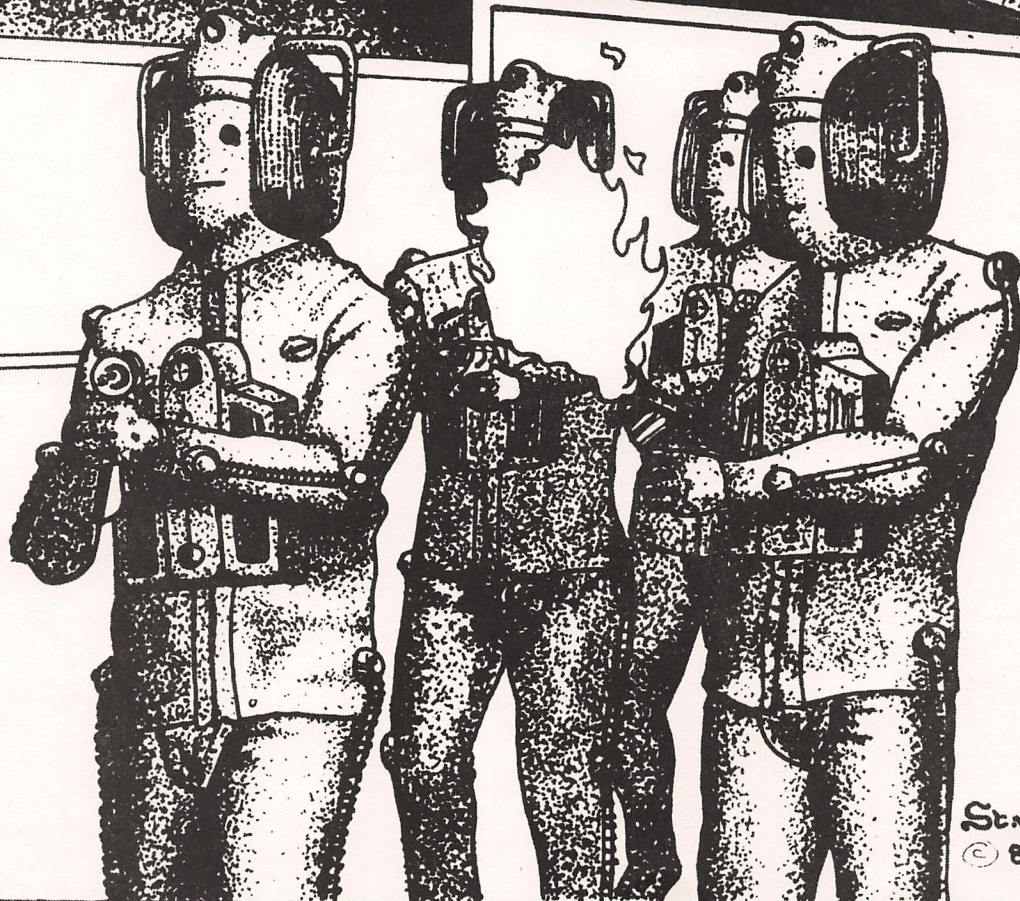
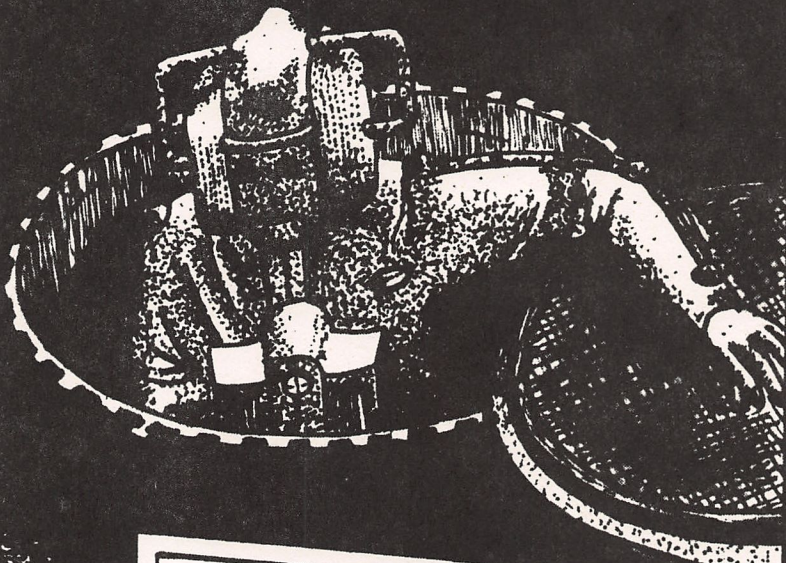
St. John  
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# Invasion



St. John  
© 82







# Death to the Daleks











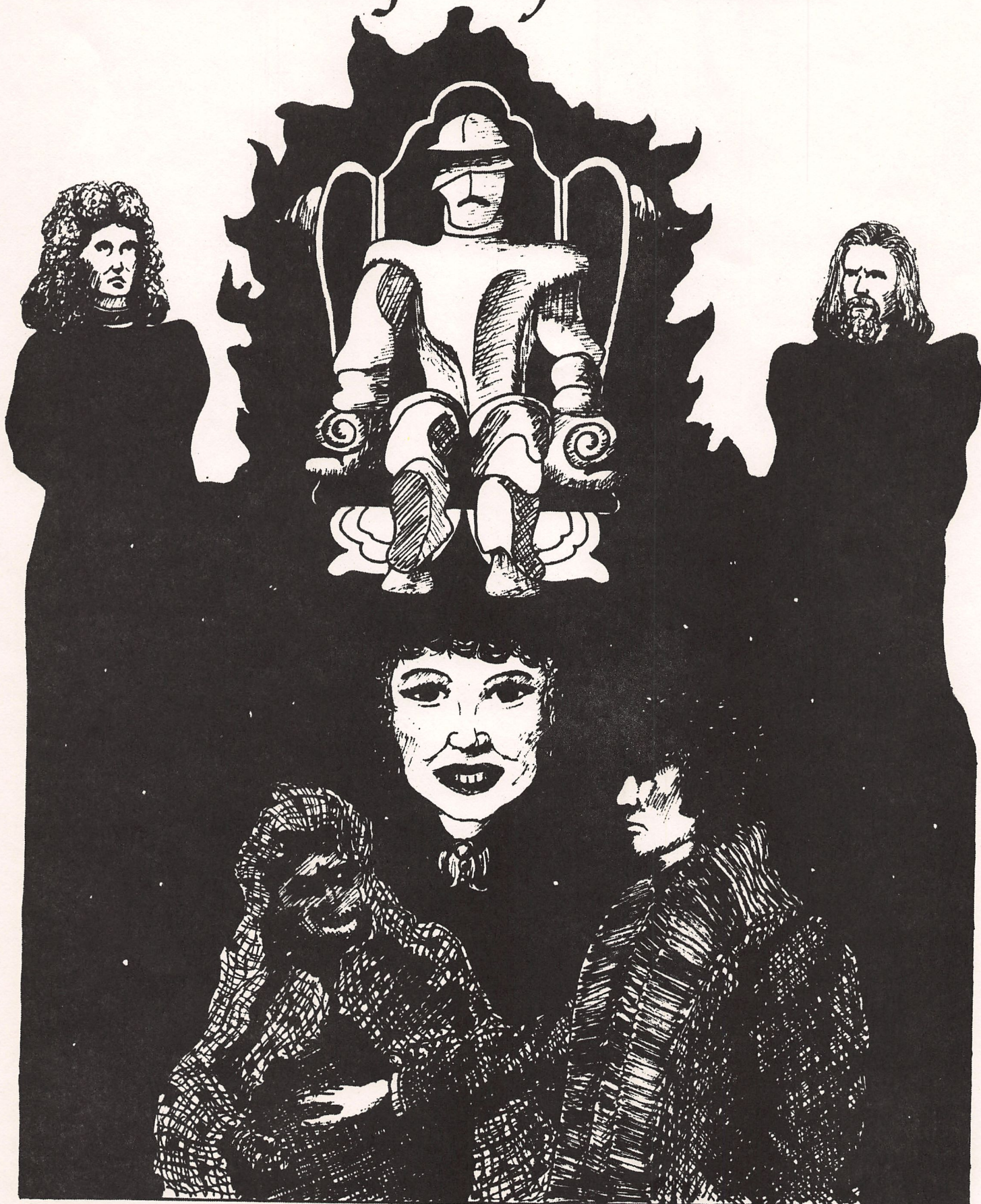
pyramids  
of mars







# The Keeper of Traken



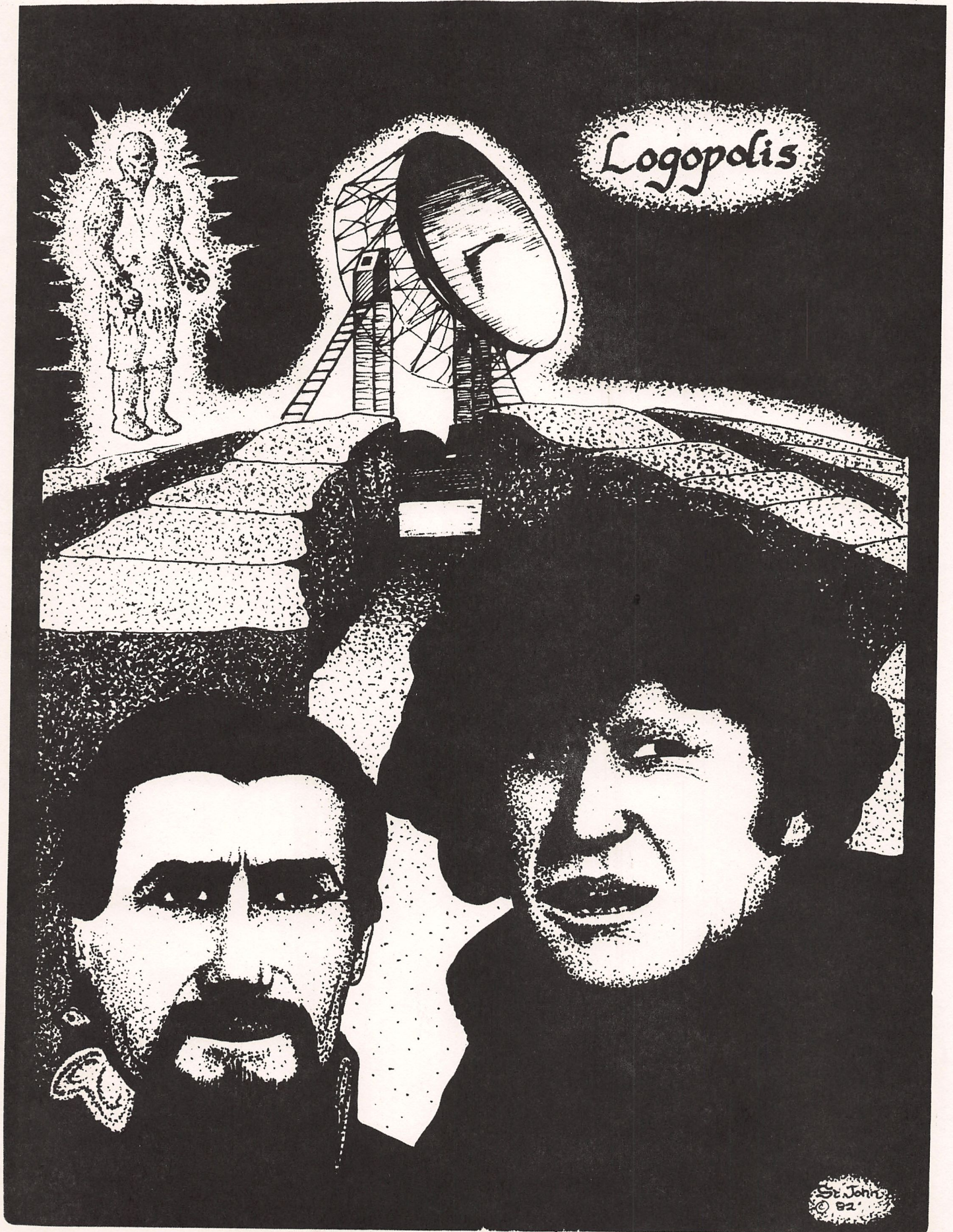
John 82







Logopolis









**BEWARE THE JABBERWOCK**

By Carolyn G. Lynn

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son;  
The jaws that bite,  
The claws that catch."

"Fie! Innkeeper!"

"Aye, coming. Coming. Hold onta ye britches, sirra!" The robust little man waddled his way through the crowd, a tray of earthenware mugs held high and bobbing over the heads of the throng. He dodged and wove artfully, dancing over one of several inert bodies on the hardwood floor; skillfully avoiding the shapely legs of a wench stretched out into the middle of the aisle as their owner tossed the hair of a red-eyed patron. Thick smoke curled upward toward blackened ceiling beams; voices rose in laughter or quarrel, the odd one trying to pipe out a tune. The air was thick with the smell of the roast pig turning lazily on its spit on the Inn's huge hearth.

Kicking aside a dog worrying a bone and maintaining his balance with practiced ease, the Innkeeper pushed his way into a private alcove set aside from the main room of his establishment. It was dark here, lit only with a thick tallow set toward the center of a long oaken table. Beaming, he set the tray down upon the tough planking, sloshing ale liberally over the rims of the mugs and wiping his brow with a ragged sleeve.

"Here we be, my fine pilgrims," he announced, red-faced and jolly as a good Innkeeper should be, distributing the drink to the company before him and taking great pains to bow before handing the ladies their fill. "Something to set ye about your way with a pious glow to turn even Saint Peter's head."

"A warm glow, any road," laughed the Miller, spilling the contents of his cup down his throat with a quick flick of his wrist.

"To the goodly saints," called another, downing his draught before the words were quite free from his mouth. "A safe journey to us all and good company!" he gargled.

"Company and more, I'll be wagering. Look at what marvel comes yonder," belched the Baker, nudging the Wife with an elbow. The occupants of the table fell silent, all eyes turning to watch the parting of the patrons. A serving wench was leading a stranger toward them and, upon arriving at the alcove, whispered something in the Innkeeper's ear, turning at the completion of her message and sauntering off to be grasped by a burly brute with a lecherous gleam in dark eyes. Her charge stood in the center of their hushed attention, calmly undergoing their scrutiny.

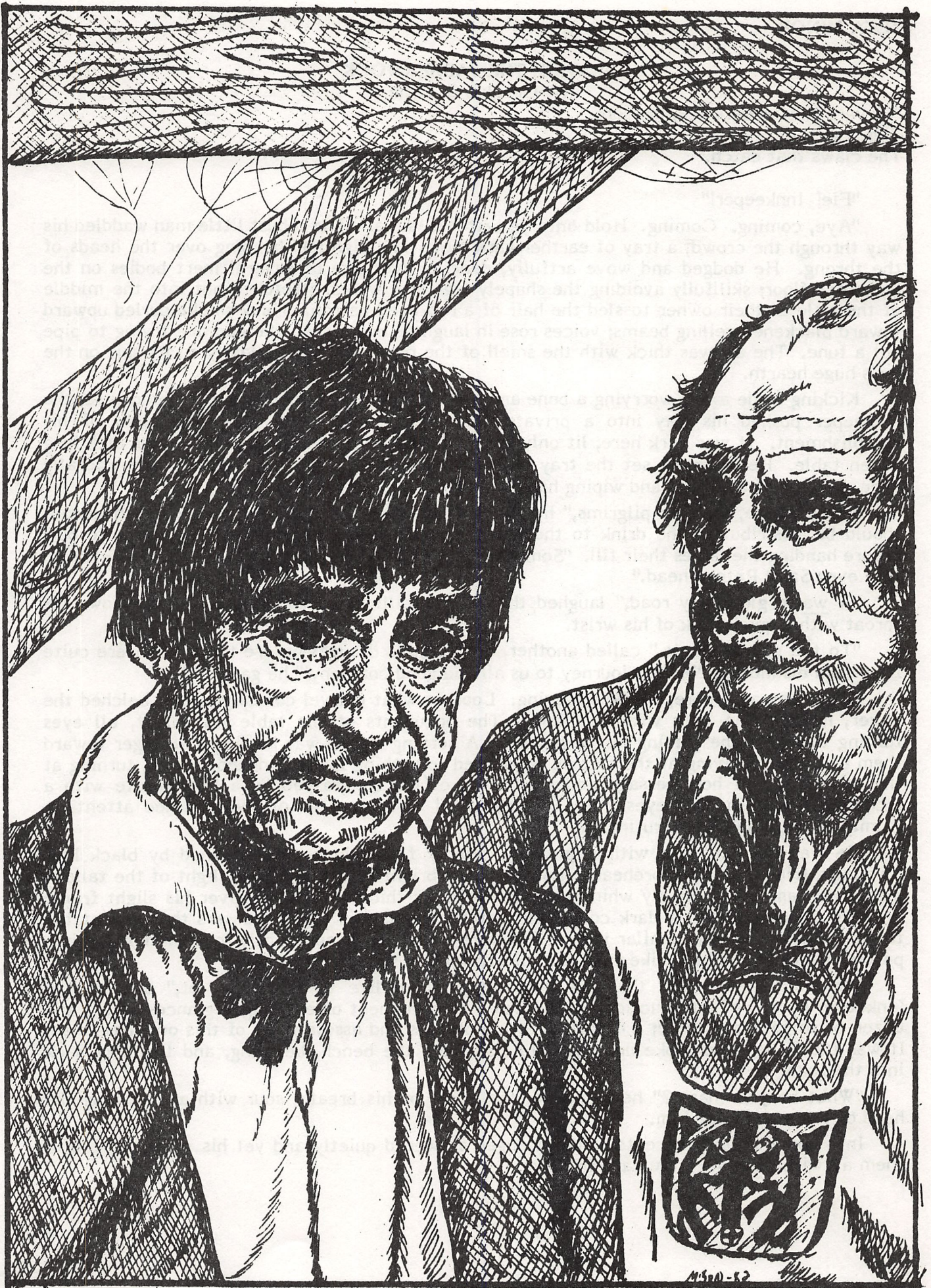
He was a small man with a pleasant, kindly face which was crowned by black hair forming a fringe over his forehead. His eyes were bright in the flickering light of the tallow; blue-green and compellingly whimsical, shadowed by thick eyebrows. Over his slight frame he wore a frock coat of a dark color with patch pockets and baggy trousers that few at the table had ever seen the similar like. They were woven of an apparently foreign material in a pattern checked and blue, like that of a minstrel who'd seen better days.

"I'm told by my lass that the gentleman would like to join your lot," boomed the Innkeeper by way of introduction. There was a long moment of exchanged glances among the dozen or so gathered there; a mutual meeting of eyes and assessments of this odd little man. It was the Miller who spoke up, trying to rise from the bench, belching, and thudding back into the seat.

"What be your name?" he managed, the force of his breath, sour with ale, turning the head of the man beside him.

In a voice slightly accented, the stranger answered quietly and yet his voice carried to them all with clarity. "I am called Doctor."







"A doctor, ay? Doctor who?" inquired the Wife, trying to peer more closely at their guest.

He turned, bowing courteously before responding with a smile and saying, "Just 'Doctor', madam." His eyes twinkled. "It is enough."

"Enough for us, then," interjected the Baker, casting about for approval, "for we may needs of a medical man afore this trek of ours is done."

"And the game of professions will suit our lot as well," agreed the Miller, nodding. "I never was good at remembering a name but mention a trade. . .aye, now. So, sir, it seems ye've been accepted into our lot and so it be best that ye know your companions. Following your own example, as it be a profitable game, I am the Miller," and he bowed to that, continuing as he seemed to be in no competition for spokesman. "Here we have Master Baker, a good Wife come hither from Avon, Tanner, Smith and his Honor the Mayor of Caerleon, Noble Tinker, Bard, and," he paused, squinting into the smokey shadows at the far corner of the table. There the occupant sat with chair tilted back against the wall, apart from the whole and yet included; features lost in darkness. "Fancy that I've not asked ye more than your name," he marveled.

When she rose the candlelight played upon her face softly, doing a fair justice to the aquiline nose and dark eyes. "I am a historian of sorts," she said quietly, turning to lay eyes on the stranger, "and though I consider this a legitimate occupation, I have a given name and prefer to utilize it." Chuckles filled the little alcove and she smiled indulgently. Her hair was also black and fringed nearly over her forehead though here the resemblance to the Doctor ended; her eyes were brown bordering on gleaming black. "Welcome to our merry band, Doctor," she said, raising a cup in a toast to him.

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Stretched across the countryside in loose groupings the column of pilgrims took the beaten path slowly, conversing idly. Not a one of them seemed in any hurry to get to the shrine that they sought; it was more a traveling holiday than any true hope to be devoted. Towards the front of the column the Miller was engaging the Wife in bawdy stories, while the Tanner, Smith, and Tinker argued over the rates of their trades and who, of the three, served the better occupation. The remainder spoke of the news of the day and sundry things, pointing out an ancient druidic ruin as they passed or merely lost to their own thoughts. Then there was the woman Cynloran .

The Doctor turned in his saddle, sighting her at the far end of the line. She was alone as she had been that first evening, guiding the horse with gentle urgings from her knees and looking neither left nor right nor forward but down at a book in her hands. Reining his own steed to a halt, the Doctor waited until she had come abreast of him before falling into pace beside her.

"A historian, you say?" he inquired.

"Of a sort," she replied, not looking up from the book whose title he could not see.

"It is not a common occipation for a woman to have. . ." he murmured, more as an observation to himself than as a direct comment.

"Shall we say," she looked up, the book disappearing into a pouch looped over her belt, "that I'm a little ahead of my time?" The dark eyes met his.

"Indeed? It certainly is a small world, isn't it? I'm a historian myself."

"I thought you were a doctor."

"The Doctor, and one can be a doctor of many things, my dear," he beamed.

"And just what are you a doctor of?"

"At present, history. What's your specialty?" he asked, neatly turning the conversation away from himself.

"Rome, particularly the reign of the Caesars. Not Julius," she added, thoughtful. "He was a bit over-rated."







"Oh, I quite agree."

"Most certainly," he nodded, enthusiastic. "Claudius had to have been the most sterling Caesar there was. A wonderful chap, Claudius," and he smiled, gazing into the distance as though remembering fondly.

"What about Augustus?"

"Hmm? What about him?"

"I found him to be rather notable in his own right."

"Ah, well, he had his qualities," said the Doctor airily, waving the mention away, "but Claudius was really the one deserving the credit. He may have gotten his ideas and incentives from Augustus but he implemented them far better. In any case, it took a lot of character to avoid being caught in Caligula's bad graces, which Claudius did admirably."

"You're a historian indeed, Doctor," smiled the woman with approval. "And what of you?"

"I'm sorry?"

"Your speciality?"

"Oh I never focus on any one period. I like to dabble."

"General world history, then?"

"General history," he reemphasized, tapping the side of his nose. He smiled encouragement to her puzzled response and, suddenly, twisted about in his saddle so that he was facing the road, watching where they had been instead of where they were going. Leaning against the horse's neck, he crossed his ankles -- miraculously maintaining his balance -- and, dipping into one of the pockets of his coat, pulled forth a recorder. Its surface was painted in swirling stars and rainbows of brilliant color. This he thoughtfully placed to his lips, pondering a moment before starting to toodle a little tune.

People turned in their saddles, looking on in astonishment at the spectacle then turning and gesturing in wonder or laughter. The Doctor even earned applause from the Baker who had allowed his horse to slow to a pace whereby the couple could catch up with him. He watched the performance for a moment before turning to Cynloran with a broad grin. A beefy man, he was apparently as fond of his wares as he professed others to be. His horse, a small brown mare, seemed rather uncomfortable under the weight of the man's rolling fat.

"Ye've done nae much talking in our travel, Mistress. Where do ye hail from?"

"It's a little place very far from here. I doubt you've heard of it," she replied politely, taking up her reins.

"I'm well acquainted with the counties hereabouts. Perhaps I've heard of it. What be its name?"

Studying him for a moment she seemed to be determining if he could handle the answer, then, deciding, replied, "Gallifrey."

The next note from the recorder was a choking squeek. Turning with surprise, Cynloran peered closely at the Doctor who had halted abruptly in his music, eyebrows arched and tapping his chin thoughtfully with the instrument. The Baker seemed not to have noticed.

"In Ireland, is it?"

"Probably," she responded absently, forcing herself to look away from the Doctor.

"Well then," grinned the Baker confidently, slapping his knee, "that would explain why I've not. . ." and he stumbled over the next word as a shrill scream rent the air.

The Doctor was up like a tightly wound spring, whirling in his saddle and righting himself in one fluid motion. Stretching before him, the caravan of travelers had stopped, the cries becoming near-hysterical sobs. Instantly assessing the situation the little man in the frock



coat kicked his horse into a canter, racing toward the sound. Moments later, ignoring the futile protests of the Baker, Cynloran followed at all speed.

Towards the very head of the procession a small crowd had gathered. The Wife lay moaning and whimpering in the arms of the Bard while the Miller awkwardly fanned her with a piece of cloth. The Tinker was off to the right being quietly ill. In the distance, partially concealed by scrub, the Doctor stooped down, peering intently at the something before him. He nodded and muttered aloud, poking downward.

Reining in her mount beside the small party, Cynloran slid to the ground. She was moving toward the distant figure when the Smith caught her firmly by the arm. "You're not gonna want ta go there, lass. It's a horrid sight." Gently prying herself away with a smile of reassurance, she joined the Doctor and the vicious mound before which he knelt. It wasn't a pretty sight. What had once been a man was little more than a shredded hulk wallowing in tatters of cloth. There was no throat or chest to speak of, but the hideously staring eyes told a tale of horror unknown, frozen forever on parched grey orbs.

"He's not been here long," murmured the Doctor, passing a palm over the staring eyes, closing them with infinite gentleness.

"Have you noticed?" she whispered, more out of awe than any attempt to be secretive. He looked up, wiping his hands off on an oversized, yellow polka-dotted handkerchief. "No blood. None, anywhere. He looks to have been completely drained and yet the wounds are so large. . ."

"It would leave something about, wouldn't it?" he agreed calmly. He rubbed a pinch of soil between thumb and index finger, sniffing, then wiped the residue off with the handkerchief. "It's rained here recently and there are no tracks to speak of, despite the fact that the ground is soft." Standing, he glanced casually about, stuffing the handkerchief into a pocket at random. "It, whatever 'it' is, could still be about."

Cynloran continued to look at the ghastly corpse. "I've never known anything to ravage a man like that and drain the blood."

"Not on this world, no," he agreed, aware of her gaze suddenly full and intense, pinning him with startled brown eyes. he motioned her to hold the question forming on her lips with a slight wave of his hand, sighting the approach of the Miller.

"What was it that killed him, Doctor?"

"My educated opinion would be that the poor fellow was ravaged by some wild beast. There's nothing to be done except to give the chap a decent burial. Can't have him lying about like so much fodder."

"T'would be the Christian thing to do," agreed the Miller, turning to the group milling about in the distance. "You there, Tanner. Fetch the Smith and the Tinker and we'll put this fellow to rest. . ." He was trying his best to sound calm and in charge of the situation but his eyes darted from left to right and his left hand, concealed behind his back, made a pagan sign to ward off evil. After all, it couldn't hurt. . .

Walking off by themselves, the Doctor and Cynloran stopped by their horses at the end of the line, speaking in low voices.

"I sincerely hope that he was felled by an unintelligent creature. I don't relish having to deal with the alternative," sighed the Doctor. "It's just that sort of thing I've been taking this vacation to avoid. I've known a Drashig to do all that with its teeth. . .but I've not known them to drain the blood so completely as well. . ." and he started to pat his pockets absently, muttering to himself, his hands disappearing inside and fumbling about. "Now where did I put that diary? I'm certain I've come across something like this before. . ." His left hand emerged with a white, crumpled bag and he proffered it to his companion while the right hand continued searching for the elusive book independently. "Gobstopper?"

"No, thank you," she answered, and the bag vanished again. Suddenly, with a triumphant "Ah-ha!" he pulled forth a leather bound, worn book imprinted with the legend "500 Year



Diary" in gilded letters. As he thumbed through the dog-eared pages Cynloran watched him with tilted head, absorbed. His thick, puffy black eyebrows dipped low in concentration and he tapped the side of his nose almost rhythmically as he studied the scrawlings.

"Just who. . .or what. . .are you?"

"The Doctor," he replied infuriatingly, flipping another page without bothering to look up.

"Yes, yes, I know, but where do you come from?"

"Didn't I tell you?"

"No," she replied, "you seem to have conveniently overlooked that little tidbit."

"You didn't ask before," he replied, grinning, "but I do beg your pardon," and, finally glancing up, said, "Gallifrey," then, winking, "In Ireland."

"You heard me say that."

"How about. . .um. . .ah! How about 10-0-11-00 by 02 from Galactic Zero Center?" he responded, poking his nose back into the book.

"A Time Lord!"

"Small cosmos, isn't it?"

"You're not an agent for the Celestial Intervention Agency, are you?" she asked, her dark eyes narrowing to regard him with suspicion

"Let's just say that I'm traveling on my own initiative."

"On your own. . .hey, hang about!" and she snapped her fingers to emphasize the thought. "I seem to recall. . .yes! Yes, I remember now! The Doctor! Of course," and she laughed. "You popped off with a capsule that was in the workshop, didn't you? Just up and scarpered with it. Why, that story is still buzzing around the Academy."

He looked up at that, indignant. "Nonsense. I was just taking it for a test run. . ." But his eyes danced with mischief.

"Oh, right. Of course. Well, then, Doctor," and she poked out her hand, "how do you do? You've just met up with a fellow renegade." He accepted the hand and bowed, touching it briefly to his lips before releasing it.

The distant, lamenting strains of the Bard's instrument brought them back to the grim reality of the mystery at hand as it played its mournful epitaph. Several more moments in the diary left Cynloran impatient for an answer. "Find anything?"

"It could take some time."

"That's something we may not have plenty of," she reminded him, glancing about at the sound of approaching footsteps. The Doctor appeared not to have heard, continuing to thumb through the book with single-minded intent. Leaving him, the Time Lady met the Mayor halfway.

"I wonder if ye would be so good as to attend the fair Wife. She's not of a mental state to travel as yet and the company of another lady may do her good. It seems we must camp the night here and your ministrations would do her good."

"Camp here? Why here? This is where that poor fellow was attacked in the first place. I hardly think it's wise."

"There'll be naught to fear, Mistress. The Miller says that a Jabberwock will not strick the same place twich in a fortnight."

"A what?" she asked, incredulous.

"A Jabberwock. Ye've not heard of the beastie?"

"Only a poem I once chanced to read."

"Aye, well, ye'll know that it's a cunning creature, that one. Did ye notice that there was nary a print left in the earth by the poor soul? 'Twas a Jabberwock what done that, I'll



wager ye. We're safe so long as we remain here for this eve."

"Look, I don't want to sound difficult, but I beg to differ. Whatever creature - "

"Don't argue, my dear," interrupted the Doctor, stepping forward as he tucked the diary into the pocket of his coat. "I totally agree with the reasoning of this fine gentleman," he said grandly, thumping the Mayor heartily on the back.

The Mayor beamed as Cynloran frowned. "You do? Are you sure you've - "

He held up a hand, silencing her, and addressed the Mayor with a smile, "Please inform the Miller that we have no objections and that we agree it is a most sterling idea."

"He'll be glad to hear that, Doctor. Now, Miss, the Wife. . ."

"I'll be along momentarily," Cynloran assured him and, nodding, the Mayor moved off in search of the Miller. Once he was beyond hearing, she turned on the Doctor and opened her mouth only to find he'd gone off to their horses again. "Hey! Wait a minute. What did you mean by all of that? Surely you don't believe - ?"

"Of course I don't, and that's exactly why I'm for remaining here."

"You must be a Prydonian," she said hotly, hands on hips. "I can't understand a single thing you're trying to say."

"Then I suggest that you listen," he countered gently but firmly, "because this is going to be important. I think if we remain here 'it' will come again once it smells fresh game. After so satisfying a meal it couldn't have gone far."

"I don't like being referred to as something's dinner, Doctor."

"Neither, I'm sure, did the chap on the roadside." He pondered a moment, then said conversationally, "Isn't it fascinating how legends are usually built on a single grain of truth?"

"You're losing me again. What legend?"

"The Jabberwock. A creature said to be highly elusive and the most hideous of all monsters in the medieval world. Or is it the cockatrice that's the ugliset? No. No, perhaps it was. . ."

"Doctor!"

"Hmmm? Oh, yes. Where was I? Ah, the Jabberwock. That was it. You see, legend has it that the creature feasts on human flesh and leaves no marks of its comings or goings; no way to track it to its lair."

"I don't find any of this very comforting. Okay, so we stay here and wait. . .for what?"

"A stellasaur," and the diary momentarily saw the light of day. He nodded at the page he had flipped to then dropped the whole thing back into his pocket. "No doubt about it. A stellasaur."

"From Betelgeuse, aren't they? Are you certain?"

"It fits the carnage we've seen."

"How did it get here? They're incapable of the technology to tip over a garbage can, much less intergalactic travel."

"They're favorite specimens in traveling carnivals. All that would be needed would be one careless charleton arriving here and - poof - the beginning of a legend."

"Or a nightmare. If you're right. . ."

"I assure you that I am."

"Swell. It's going to come back tonight once it gets a good whiff of dinner and here we are, the literal sitting ducks."

"They're magnificent animals. You'll find it most impressive."

"I'll find it impressive? What makes you thing I'm going to get within range of one of those things? I'm not rushing to be chomped on, you know."

"Of course not, my dear, of course not," he soothed, patting her on the shoulder and fixing her with wistful eyes. "No one is asking you to become dinner for the beastie. I just



need a little diversion, you understand. Something to keep its attention while I - "

"Whoa, there. Just one span," and she brushed the friendly hand from her shoulder with a quick jerk. "I hardly even know you -- Time Lord or no Time Lord -- and you're asking me to play guinea pig."

"Decoy, perhaps, but not a fuzzy little. . ."

"I'm not going to do it," and she folded her arms over her chest with finality.

"Would you rather I ask one of them?" he said gently. She turned at that and he watched her eyes wander about the little encampment. The Mayor was supporting the sobbing and babbling Wife, the Smith tending to her horse. The Tanner was attempting to start a fire and the Baker was sitting huddled near his bedroll, looking about the terrain with wide, frightened eyes. They were a lot as ignorant and superstitious as any medieval society could have produced and not the sort to cooperate well in a confrontation with an alien. Then again, she wasn't so sure she was the sort, either.

"I suppose not," she started, suddenly clapped on the shoulder again before she could finish.

"That's a girl," he beamed, shoving a small device into her hands. "I knew you'd pull through. It's beginning to feel like 'old home week', isn't it?"

"All I see is an invitation to get myself mauled," she grumbled, turning the device over in her hands. "Well, what does it do?"

"It emits a very uncomfortable, high-pitched whine. Too high for us to hear but it will no doubt vastly irritate the stellosaur. At least, I hope it will, else we'll be chutnie." He seemed genuinely delighted by the prospect, rubbing his hands together vigorously.

"You mean Ill be chutnie," she glowered, slipping the transmitter into her pouch. "Once we get it and it comes for me, then what?"

He said nothing, tapping the side of his nose before pulling the recorder from his coat pocket and dropping to the grass, crossing his legs beneath him. The Bard's head came up and, grinning with any excuse to take his mind from the grim events of the afternoon, grasped his mandolin and trudged over to the Time Lord's side, plopping down and starting to strum in unison with the woodwind's piping. The blue-green eyes laughed, dancing with the music, and Cynloran, sighing, trotted off toward the main encampment and the still hysterical Wife.

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The creature shuddered, raising its massive head to look to the winking points of light in the sky. It had no intelligence; no thoughts that made it wonder which diamond in the infinite sea of black was its place of birth; its home. The red-rimmed eyes caught sight of the bloated moon like a pale cheese hanging suspended and it shook itself, rising. The stellosaur's stomachs grumbled at it and, agreeing, it grumbled back, shaking the scale-covered head from side to side, claws kneading the grass as it sniffed the fragrant air. From which direction would dinner be had this night?

Lumbering forward, it left no mark on grass or soil as it took to the air on great, leathery wings stirring to keep it inches above the ground. Gliding, it moved toward the south then stopped, shivering, as a thin, screaming wail pierced its ears. . . a sound from the southeast. Spinning, compensating for the turn with its tail like a massive rudder, the stellosaur sped toward the offending sound. Perhaps its owner was good to eat and not just a nuisance.

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"I hope you know what you're doing," she hissed, pulling the cloak tighter about herself.

"When have I ever failed you?"

"Failed me? I don't even know you!" she exclaimed.

He looked up from his tinkering. "You see?" he beamed, concealing his work with loose shrubs and weeds. Standing, he brushed his hands off on his handkerchief while searching the







shadowed terrain with quick glances. "It will come whether we have the device or not, I think. We're the most available food source. The device only ensures which one it picks."

"Uh-huh," she murmured, unenthusiastic. "Just do me a favor. If your plan doesn't work, don't worry about my next of kin. I don't have any."

"You're a fatalist, my dear."

"So far it's kept me alive," she retorted, hand in the pouch and absently fingering the signaling device secreted there. "You seem to have neglected telling me what I do once it gets here."

"Do? You do nothing."

"Nothing? How about if I run? As far as I'm concerned it's great for self-preservation."

"It would outdistance you without effort," he told her, consulting a gold pocket watch which had appeared from the breast pocket of his pale blue shirt. "It could come any time now," and, turning, he squeezed her arm reassuringly. "It'll work out just fine. Trust me."

"You're asking for an awful lot of trust for having just met you."

Shrugging, he smiled reassuringly before slipping into the brush and shadows. Cynloran shuddered and gazed out into the night, wondering from which direction it would come but, more than that, wondering how she had allowed herself to be talked into being the bait.

Standing alone in the dark waiting for her first glimpse of the monster she had time to consider the little man. The wistful eyes and gently comic face, the black hair so much like her own and fringed over his forehead in a rumpled mop. Was it that she had found a fellow Time Lord -- another renegade -- with which to pass the time that made her trust him so? Or was it the strange glow in his eyes? The soft orbs that caught the moonlight, mirrors of an ingenuity and intelligence that she had rarely found even among those Lords of Time deemed wise enough to teach at the Academy of Gallifrey?

Just who, exactly, was the Doctor?

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The blipping-squeeling sound was closer now. The beast flapped the great wings harder, jaws gapping wide as it closed in on its prey.

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The wind stirred; warm and stagnant. Not the breeze of spring and flowers, of heather sweet and soil thick, but foul. Cynloran turned full into it and gasped as she saw the large, luminous eyes set in the shadow of black; a shadow skimming the terrain. Its tail lashed, felling trees as it came, and the Time Lady found herself looking anxiously about for the Doctor and fervently wishing she were somewhere else. There was little doubt that it had seen her; it corrected its flight pattern to speed toward her.

The monster was almost on top of her before she realized that the Doctor still had not materialized. Throwing herself to the ground at the last possible moment she barely missed being raked by the glistening claws. The stellosaur wheeled in a tight turn hugging the ground as it glided for her again. All thoughts of the plan vanished as the Time Lady turned tail and ran, throwing the signaling device from her in a hope to distract it. It bounced once, engulfed by the bracken. The beast hesitated only a moment over the still chirping device, then sped after its meal.

"Doctor!" she yelled in desperation, not daring to look behind her. She leapt over the lumping of grasses and leaves the Doctor had used to conceal his trap, tripping as she landed on the other side and twisting her ankle painfully beneath her. Yelping, she tumbled, sprawling directly in the path of the beast. Turning onto her back she could see the jaws opening like a trowel ready to scoop her up. She tried to scramble away, finding she could not do so fast enough to save herself.

Suddenly the little ridge of ground before her erupted and, blinking, she watched as a huge net leapt from concealed rocket launchers. It cut over the creature in a perfect



trajectory, entangling the massive wings and bringing it down with a bellow of rage. It flapped and sheiked, engaging itself further in its efforts to escape the clinging cords.

Whistling softly, the Doctor strolled out of the underbrush and, bending, offered her a hand. Accepting it, she hopped to her feet, favoring her left leg. "Bit of a showman, aren't you?" she asked, brushing her hand away. He looked genuinely hurt for a moment, then couldn't repress the grin any longer.

"It worked, didn't it?"

"Here, here! What's all the. . .by all the Saints!" The Miller skidded to a stop, eyes threatening to bulge from their sockets at the sight of the monster thrashing about in the net. "What. . ." he stammered as the remainder of the pilgrims filtered forward, "What be that?"

"That," said the Doctor, affecting the attitude of a man about to lecture a classroom of students, "is a. . ."

"Jabberwock," interjected Cynloran, catching the Doctor's eye. He shrugged, nodding in confirmation.

"Oh. . .uh. . .aye," gulped the Miller.

Exchanging knowing glances, the two Gallifreyans smiled.

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"It's a great pity," sighed the Doctor, running fingers through black hair. Cynloran stepped away from the shrine, joining him at the foot of the steps. Together they started down the flag-stoned corridor, confessionals lining the walls to their right.

"What is?"

"That there couldn't have been another way."

"You mean you'd rather have let the thing go?"

"Well not here, certainly, but it was an unintelligent animal. All it knew was to eat and sleep, plus being torn from home as it was."

"You fascinate me," she said, shaking her head. "You knew that there was no other way but to kill it and yet you feel sorry for it."

"It's a life form. It has every right to live out that life."

"We had no choice."

It was an apology and he stopped, turning to her. "I know," he said, trying to shrug it away. "I'm just an old sentimentalist."

"Old? I hardly think 400-odd is old." She stepped up to one of the confessionals, running her hand over the dark wood of the door.

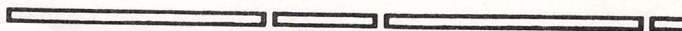
"I daresay the return trip will be uneventful. We may even have to resort to telling tales to pass the time," and he chuckled at the thought.

"I believe that's supposed to happen on the way to Canterbury, not back home," she corrected him. "I sincerely hope you enjoy yourself," and she opened the door of the confessional. She couldn't help but laugh at his expression as a bright light shone from within and took the Time Lord by surprise. "Well, after all, I originally started out from Canterbury," and she stepped inside, preparing to close the door behind her. Pausing, she regarded the little man standing in the corridor. "You know, Doctor, I have the most uncanny feeling that you and I will meet again."

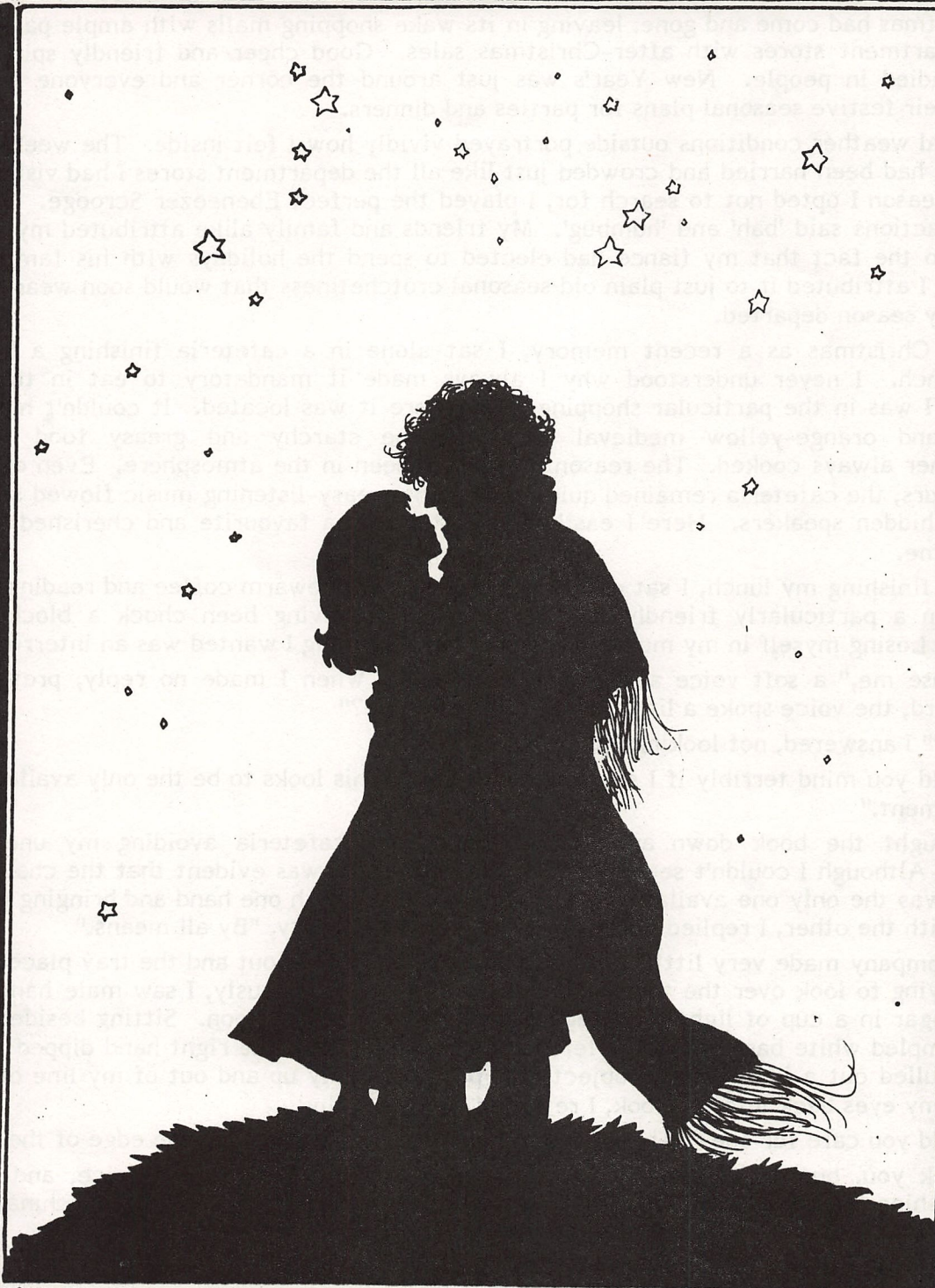
"I look forward to it."

"Me too," she nodded, waving. He waved back as she pulled the door closed. In a moment there was a low, wheezing-groaning sound and, slowly, the structure faded and was gone.

The Doctor stood a moment looking after her then, pulling the recorder from his pocket, turned it over in his hands. Setting it to his lips he began to walk away, playing a little tune.







"Wipe your nose, Sarah, it's running"



**A HOLIDAY CONVERSATION**

by Erin A. Soderquist

Christmas had come and gone, leaving in its wake shopping malls with ample parking and many department stores with after-Christmas sales. Good cheer and friendly spirits were still embodied in people. New Year's was just around the corner and everyone was busy making their festive seasonal plans for parties and dinners.

Dismal weather conditions outside portrayed vividly how I felt inside. The weeks before Christmas had been harried and crowded just like all the department stores I had visited. For a hidden reason I opted not to search for, I played the perfect Ebenezer Scrooge. Left and right my actions said 'bah' and 'humbug'. My friends and family alike attributed my grouchy attitude to the fact that my fiance had elected to spend the holidays with his family away from me. I attributed it to just plain old seasonal crotchettiness that would soon wear away as the holiday season departed.

With Christmas as a recent memory, I sat alone in a cafeteria finishing a half-way decent lunch. I never understood why I always made it mandatory to eat in this place whenever I was in the particular shopping mall where it was located. It couldn't have been the red and orange-yellow medieval decor or the starchy and greasy food like my grandmother always cooked. The reason must have been in the atmosphere. Even during its busiest hours, the cafeteria remained quiet while subtle easy-listening music flowed soothingly out of hidden speakers. Here I easily found solitude, a favourite and cherished state of being for me.

Upon finishing my lunch, I sat quietly sipping at my lukewarm coffee and reading a book. I wasn't in a particularly friendly mood, the morning having been chock a blocked with mistakes. Losing myself in my murder mystery, the last thing I wanted was an interruption.

"Excuse me," a soft voice across the table said. When I made no reply, pretending I hadn't heard, the voice spoke a little louder. "Excuse me?"

"Yes?" I answered, not looking up.

"Would you mind terribly if I sat down with you? This looks to be the only available seat at the moment."

I brought the book down and looked around the cafeteria avoiding my unexpected company. Although I couldn't see the entire dining area, it was evident that the chair across from me was the only one available. Indicating the chair with one hand and bringing my book back up with the other, I replied with a touch of cold hospitality, "By all means."

My company made very little noise as the chair was pulled out and the tray placed on the table. Trying to look over the top of my book but not conspicuously, I saw male hands put a dash of sugar in a cup of light-coloured tea and stir it with a spoon. Sitting beside the cup was a crumpled white bag and as the left hand stirred the tea, the right hand dipped into the bag and pulled out a little orange object that passed quickly up and out of my line of vision. Dropping my eyes back into my book, I returned to my reading.

"Would you care for one?" The right hand pushed the white bag to the edge of the tray.

"Thank you, but no," I answered. Annoyance was apparent in my voice, and I found myself wishing he would take the hint, hurry, and leave. There was a chink of china against china and I shifted my book to see the left hand replace the tea cup on its saucer.

"It's a shame there wasn't any snow for Christmas," he said.

"Christmas was as commercial as usual without it this year," I replied. He was giving me no indication as to how soon he would be ready to leave, so I reasoned that if my absence of eye contact failed, then a barrage of negative remarks would send him on his way.

In an attempt to raise conversation, he said, "It wasn't the butler, but the upstairs maid after all, right?"



I smiled politely and shook my head, reaching for my coffee cup. The coffee was almost ice-cold and I grimaced as I took a sip. Giving the cup a disgusted look, I replace it on the matching saucer.

"Could I warm your coffee for you?" He was being much too polite for my rudeness, and I thought about scolding myself for my bad manners. After all, what had he done to deserve it?

Before I could answer his question, warmer coffee was poured into my cup. I studied the male hand pouring the coffee. It was a long-fingered hand in which I saw a curious mixture of strength and tenderness. The hand was smooth and average in size with a suggestion of pinkish highlights. Even though simple in appearance and I found most people's hands, I was drawn to this man's by a subtle influencial attractiveness. I watched until after the cup was filled, when both hand and coffee pot disappeared as my company returned the pot to its resting place on the condiments table.

"Thank you," I said when I heard him sit back down. The table creaked gently and I shifted my gaze to notice that he had rested his folded arms on the opposite side.

"My friend should find me soon. We're to leave on holiday," he said.

"Oh?" I sipped at my coffee, thoroughly dismayed and annoyed all over again at learning I was to expect yet another unwanted guest. "Where?"

"Oh, here and there." The right hand made vague gestures as he spoke. "It's all for the benefit of my friend. She was complaining that she hadn't been able to escape for awhile, so I promised to take her on holiday."

"That's very nice of you," I remarked, staring at my book.

"Would you care to join us? Pardon me for saying so, but you look as if you're rather low on seasonal spirits."

"I hardly know you or your friend," I replied coldly. I resented the implication that I would enjoy playing the third wheel with what was probably a cozy twosome. "Besides that, I'm due back at the office in half an hour." I turned a page, finishing the chapter.

"I could have you back in plenty of time! Even early enough to extend your lunch hour another thirty minutes!"

The absurdity of his comment shook me for a moment, but not wishing to extend the conversation any longer than necessary, I said nothing. It was rather amazing to me how this perfect stranger should chance to sit at my table and carry on a pleasant conversation with someone who never looked up at his face. If I had been in his position, I would have simply dropped the conversation after the second attempt at pleasantries and, after finishing my meal, depart with a polite farewell. He was being perfectly charming in spite of my obvious tactics to ignore him. But then, he was probably the kind of person who never realizes how pushy and obnoxious they are, but goes blithely on thinking everyone adores them. Hands can certainly be misleading, I thought. A good thing I caught on to him in time.

I was taken out of my momentary meditation as I heard a female voice from somewhere behind me exclaim, "So there you are!"

"Hello, Sarah!" my company said. "I thought I'd have a cup of tea while I was waiting for you."

"Well, you could have at least told me you were leaving, rather than rush off like you did." The newcomer obviously knew her friend all too well.

"I want you to meet my new friend, Sarah," he went on. I imagined his expression of surprise when he next said, "Oh dear! I forgot to ask your name!"

"Kelly," I replied, not looking up from my book. All these interruptions were making me lose the storyline and my patience.

"Kelly, this is Sarah. Sarah, Kelly." I saw his left hand indicate who was who.



"Nice to meet you, Kelly," Sarah said.

"Charmed," I replied dryly.

"You'll have to excuse her, she's on the verge of solving a very difficult murder mystery," my company explained. "I still think it was the upstairs maid."

"You promised me a holiday," Sarah interrupted. "Shouldn't we be moving on, Doctor?"

The name struck a faint note of recognition in the back of my mind, but I stifled my reaction. There was a sudden shuffle of feet, scrape of a chair, and the next thing I heard was, "Right you are! If you'll excuse me, Kelly, I'll be saying goodbye."

Footsteps walked away from my table. I whispered, "Doctor?" Looking up from my book, I was in time to see the tall frame dressed in brown felt hat, long brown coat, and interminable multi-coloured scarf disappear through the cafeteria's front doors.

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## ACCUSATION AND REBUKE: TO THE HIGH COUNCIL

**Empty the lives spent in mere contemplation!**

**Implacable, you sit**

**on your temporal thrones,**

**While all around you the galaxie's cancers**

**eat at their hearts --**

**you lift not a finger,**

**but watch while the universe**

**stumbles and falls.**

**Lords of Time! I tell you,**

**even the cruelest of despots**

**cares more for his vassels**

**than you for these others,**

**fully worthy as you.**

**Still you condemn me, brand me**

**'a meddler' -- why, that is true!**

**But, 'a shame to our race?'**

**-- have you ever considered**

**that the feeling**

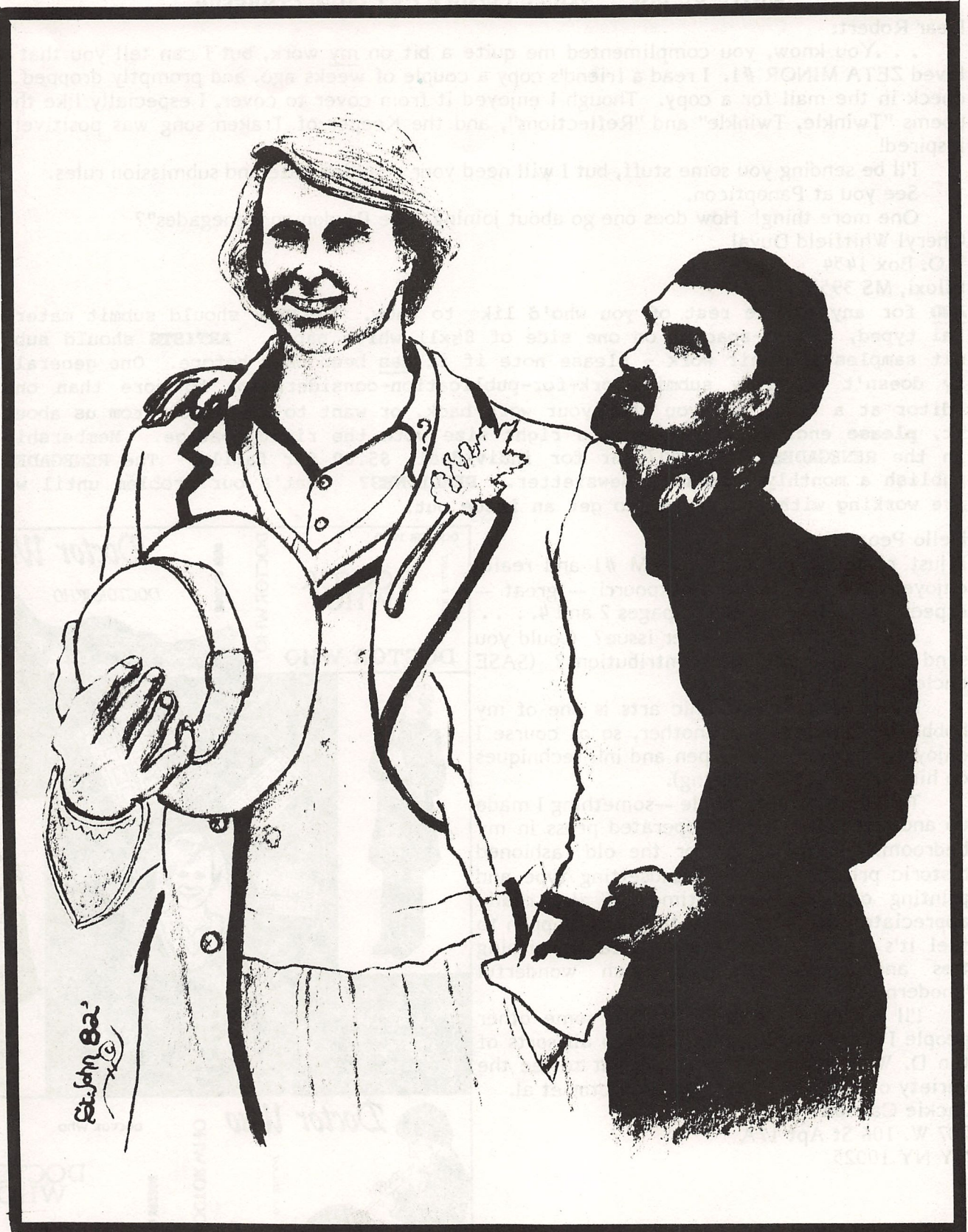
**is more**

**than mutual?**

**by S. J. Nasea**









**LETTERS—WE GET LETTERS—FOR THOSE OF YOU NEW TO FANDOM, IT PAYS TO  
WRITE YE EDS—THESE PEOPLE GET FREE COPIES!!!!**

Dear Robert:

. . . You know, you complimented me quite a bit on my work, but I can tell you that I loved ZETA MINOR #1. I read a friend's copy a couple of weeks ago, and promptly dropped a check in the mail for a copy. Though I enjoyed it from cover to cover, I especially like the poems "Twinkle, Twinkle" and "Reflections", and the Keeper of Traken song was positively inspired!

I'll be sending you some stuff, but I will need your deadline date and submission rules.  
See you at Panopticon.

One more thing! How does one go about joining "The Prydonian Renegades"?

Cheryl Whitfield Duval

P.O. Box 1454

Biloxi, MS 39530

**AND** for any of the rest of you who'd like to know. **WRITERS** should submit material typed, double-spaced, on one side of 8½x11 white paper. **ARTISTS** should submit samples of their work - please note if it has been used before. One generally doesn't actually submit work-for-publication-consideration to more than one editor at a time. If you want your work back, or want to hear back from us about it, **please** enclose a SASE of the right size with the right postage. Membership in the RENEGADES is \$4.00/year for individual, \$5.00 for family. The RENEGADES publish a monthly-bimonthly newsletter. **DEADLINES?** That's our problem until we are working with you trying to get an issue out.

Hello People;

I just received my copy of ZM #1 and really enjoyed it - wow, what a potpourri -- great -- especially the wisecracks of pages 2 and 4. . . .

Are you planning another issue? Could you send me the info on contributions? (SASE enclosed).

Dabbling in the graphic arts is one of my hobbies and Dr. Who is another, so of course I enjoy trying out various pen and ink techniques on him (besides 3D modeling).

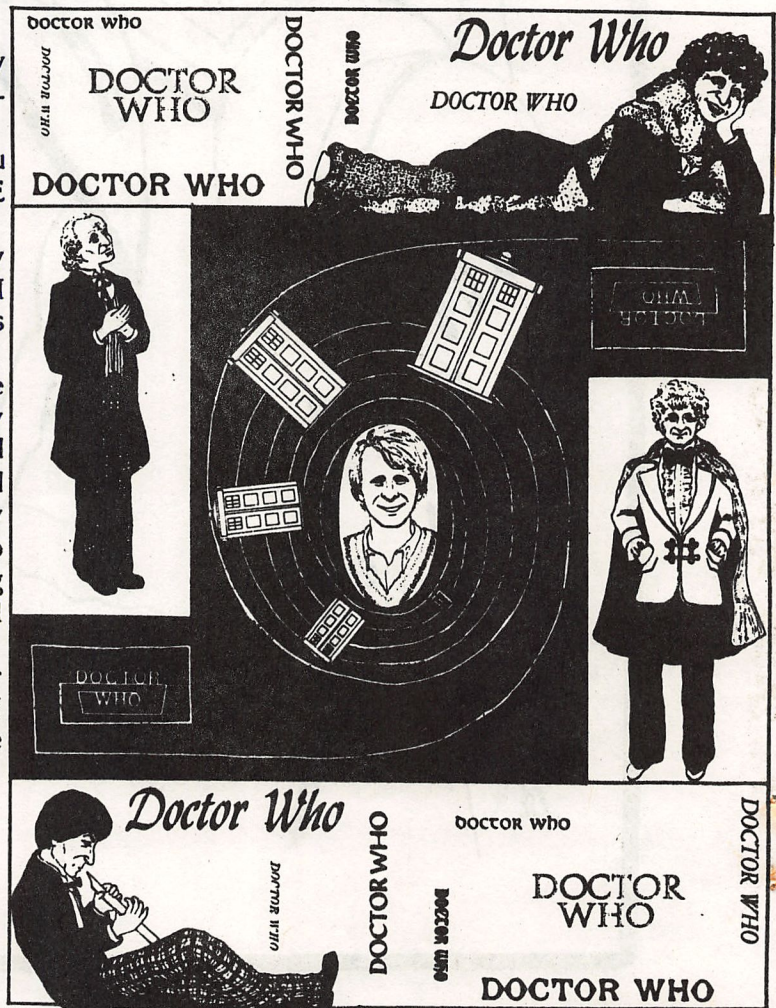
This card is an example --something I made up and printed on a hand-operated press in my bedroom. I kind a go for the old fashioned historic printing ways -- handsetting type and printing one page at a time. I also really appreciate word processors, too, but I happen to feel it's important to preserve fast-vanishing ties and skills underlying such wonderful "modern technology."

I'll try to build a fire under some other people I know who like to dream up all sorts of fun D. Who things. It sure is great to see the variety of works inspired by the Doctor et al.

Jackie Cannon

207 W. 106 St Apt 17A

NY NY 10025





Dear Robert;

Thank you for your letter and the fanzine -- it is excellent -- quite the best I've seen to date. Congratulations to all concerned.

Yours most sincerely;

Anthony Ainley

Mr. Ainley, currently portraying the Master, signed his postcard as being from "The Master's TARDIS: Tony Ainley Really Dalees In Space"

Dear Editors:

Having, of course, grown up with the show, I've been a great fan and gladly receive any good material concerning the show. Your zine, however, looked pretty, but was rather useless as the articles were only a re-hash of what had already been said, or was terribly out-dated. The artwork overall was executed well (except for this Mr. St.John's), but were obviously done from pictures, a practice I find distasteful at best.

I also find that the show was not taken seriously, as it should be. Maybe your practice of 'having fun' with the show, as I've heard it put, is the reason Mr. Baker's unfortunate tendency to play the fool in his last years was so well received in the states.

Again, the show should be taken seriously, and until you realize this, you're (sic: JA) zine will not work. And, hopefully, now that Mr. Baker has left, the show will improve as well. Right now, it's just too silly.

Right! Carry on!

Srgt. Major Arthur Smeck-Hudson (Mrs.) (O.B.E.)

Sittinonthrone, nr Cricklewood

Surley, U.K.

Hello Rob! . . . and Ronda, I suppose;

Well, what can I say? ZETA MINOR #1 was wonderful and by far the best zine I bought at Non-ExistiCon '81. "Dragonfly" and "The Casios Operation" were both very good, but by far the best part of the zine was the art. . . Connie's cover, Stefanie's illos, your own picture of the Master (especially the snowflakes attacking Baker on P. 20) were all quite a treat. But Rob, be a bit more selective in your art editing. . . printing Mr. Potatohead on p. 6 or the group of men with lampshades on their heads on p. 47 has little to do with DW. Who is this Reece person anyway? Why is the girl in pyjamas on p. 49 being attacked by an owl? Very strange indeed. Quite looking forward to ZM #2, but especially ZM #3 which I hear only you are editing, Rob. Pity Ronda is moving away and can no longer help (pity it's only as far as Kentucky, I mean). Well, Rob, take care. I'm sure your half of "The Last Sunset" will be good.

Take Off;

John Smith (Not-Rob)

No Fixed Abode

P.S. You're right. Her art didn't mar the zine too much.

*"John Smith, not-Rob," huh? Well listen here, buster - I thought you, Robert St.John, Esq. lived at 'No Fixed Abode'*

(Innocently) I have no idea what you mean, dear. Now go away - To Kentucky -ASAP (Not-Tegan) Why you Chauvinist. . . I heard that!

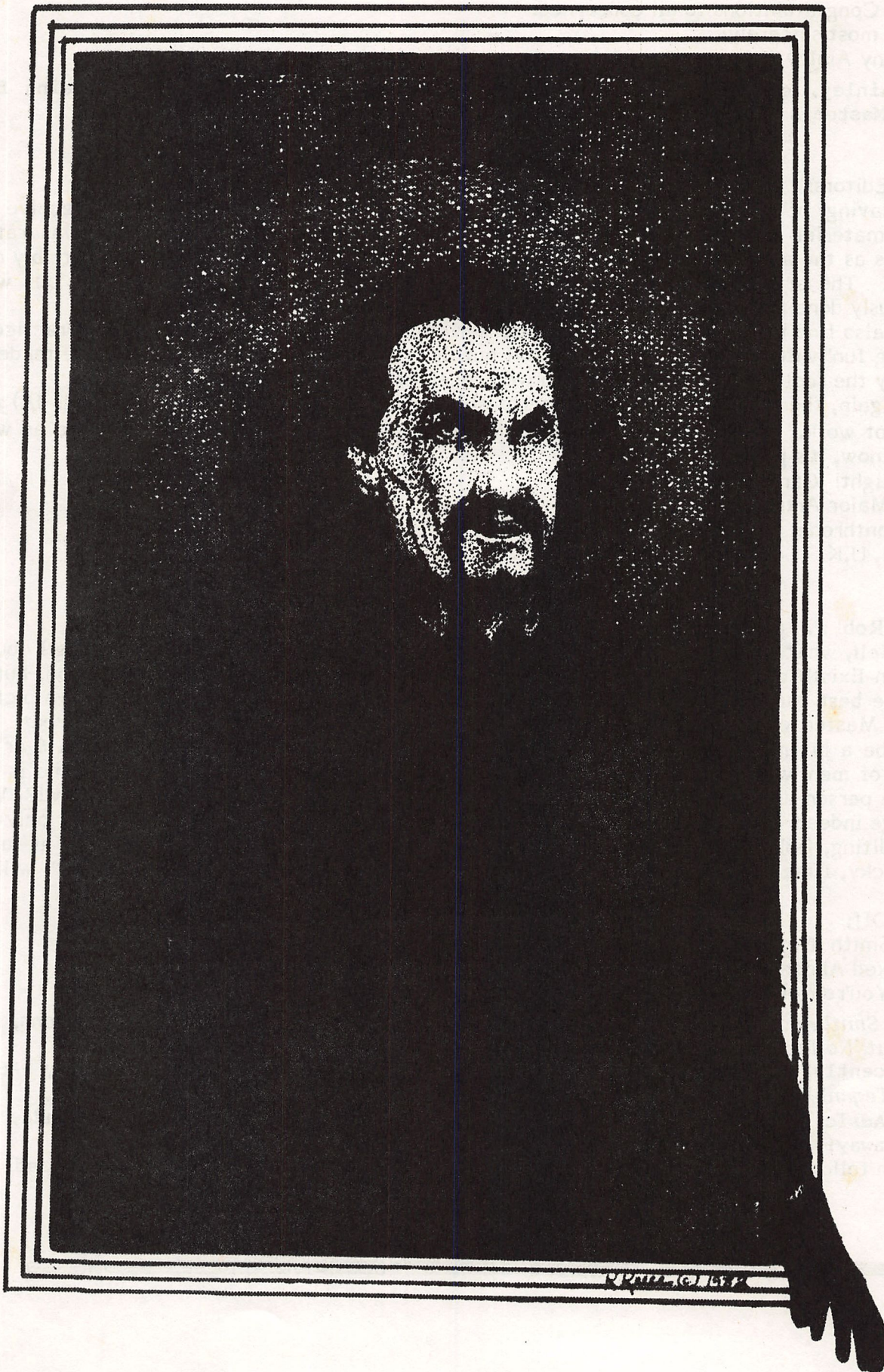
(Not-Adric) You were meant to. . . sorry, just kidding. No! Wait! Rhonda, put that away! No! No! Auggh! \*\*gasps\*\*

Herein follows few printable words and very violent smashings of skulls, typewriters, and

Rhonda's Editor Badge.











AT DWEXPO '81, THE PRYDONIAN RENE-  
GADES' ROLE PLAYING PANEL DECIDES TO  
VISIT THE GROUP IN THE NEXT MEETING  
ROOM.

CAN WE COOK OR CAN WE COOK!!







St. John 82'